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THE President has seen fit to quote Ezekiel in support of his new gospel of preparedness. Chapter XXXIII, verses 2-6, gives the curse to the watchman who sees the sword come and blows not the trumpet. It may have been inadvertence that the President did not quote at the same time the exactly parallel verses in the very next chapter, which read as follows:

> 2 Son of man, prophesy against the shepherds of Israel, prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God unto the shepherds: Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! Should not the shepherds feed the flocks?
>
> 3 Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed; but ye feed not the flock.
>
> 4 The diseased have ye not strengthened, neither have ye healed that which was sick, neither have ye bound up that which was broken, neither have ye brought again that which was driven away, neither have ye sought that which was lost; but with force and with cruelty have ye ruled them.
>
> 5 And they were scattered, because there is no shepherd; and they became meat to all the beasts of the field, when they were scattered.
>
> 6 My sheep wandered through all the mountains and upon every high hill: yea, my flock was scattered upon all the face of the earth, and none did search or seek after them.

Evidently if Ezekiel was a strong believer in preparedness he was not less a believer in the social reconstruction, the national organization for a civilized peace which makes a people integrated and vigorous. If we are to have Ezekiel's gospel from the President, let us insist that we have all of it.

MR. BRYAN'S statement in regard to the President's armament plans rested on two ideas. The one was that the President's opinion is no more than that of an individual; he speaks for himself alone. The other was that the President had given no good reason why we should depart from our traditional policy of military unpreparedness. The two ideas are more closely related than they seem. Had the President's speech been that of a real national leader, it would have supplied the very reasons which Mr. Bryan misses in the speech at the Manhattan Club. But the President chose not to lead American opinion. He preferred to linger in the realm of those perfect sentiments where Mr. Bryan is more thoroughly at home than Mr. Wilson himself. Naturally Mr. Bryan is puzzled. The President seems to assume all that a good Bryanite assumes; his conception of international tasks and forces seems to differ not a jot from Mr. Bryan's. How then could Mr. Bryan fail to ask: If you feel about these things as I do, why do you wish to act so differently? Had Mr. Wilson stated frankly that the world which America faces is a different world from that in which he and Mr. Bryan were reared; had he specified the new obligations and the new problems which have to be met, he might not have convinced Mr. Bryan, but he would at least have defined the issue.

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SECRETARY LANSING'S latest note of protest to the British government is an able and searching statement of the American grievance against the British embargo, but it has one grave and necessary defect. The real issue between the two governments is implied in the argument rather than expressly stated. Mr. Lansing argues that the British embargo and its method of administration has no justification in international law, and we are unable to see how this argument can be effectively answered. Candid Englishmen admit that the behavior of their government is indefensible on purely legal grounds. They admit that the old rules have been violated. What they contend is that they are justified in laying down new ones. The present war is being waged under novel conditions, and unless new rules are devised to meet them Great Britain will be deprived of the military advantage which she is entitled to by her control of the sea. Thus the controversy turns upon the proper source of the system of control which is applied to neutral commerce during war. The United States refuses to recognize any obligation to submit to British interference with her commerce except as justified by the previously existing law of nations. Great Britain by virtue of her naval predominance is claiming legislative power on the seas and the right to adopt any measures restrictive of commerce which will be injurious to her enemies. If the United States submits to the British contention, British Orders in Council during war will become the chief source of marine law, which would be intolerable for all neutral trading nations. If Great Britain submits to the American contention, a really effective blockade of Germany would be difficult if not impossible. Neither government proposes to yield, and the important questions are which government can make its position practically effective, and what are the merits of the controversy.

SO far as the immediate trade controversy is concerned, the British government has much the better chance of making its position practically effective. It has the decisive advantage of the strategic initiative. Its navy dominates the seas and is seizing neutral ships and suppressing neutral commerce according to its theory of the law. If it does not yield to American protests, as apparently it has no intention of doing, the United States must either submit for the time being or prepare to answer in kind. There is talk about arbitration; but the underlying controversy is not one which can be settled by any court of arbitration established between two governments. It concerns the whole world, and raises an international question as to the source of the marine law of the future both in peace and in war. Specific issues and instances contained in the American note can be arbitrated, but not the general contention of the United States that the legislative power on the high seas must be international rather than national. The real alternatives for the United States are, as we have said, either temporary submission with the full intention of renewing the controversy at a more favorable time, or the adoption of coercive measures. Yet even this alternative is not real, because American public opinion is not willing to use its power of coercion. The threat of an embargo on exports might bring Great Britain to terms, but the threat will not and should not be made; and whatever reason may be given officially for not making it, the essential reason is simple and decisive. Great Britain and the United States are to a very exceptional extent interdependent countries. They cannot afford to quarrel. They have every reason to coöperate. In relation to the issues raised by the war, American sympathies are, on the balance, pro-Ally. The United States is neutral and justifiably neutral, but it is benevolently neutral. So far as we have any discretion, we do not propose seriously to embarrass Great Britain and France during their desperate contest with a ruthless and terrifying enemy.

WHILE the United States does not propose seriously to embarrass Great Britain during the existing crisis, neither does it propose to yield to the British contention that marine law during war shall be determined by the military interests of the dominant sea power. To attach such a valuable privilege to the control of the seas would be to encourage and to necessitate the future competitive building of fleets against Great Britain by all powers whose prosperity depended on foreign trade. It would be a justification of the German claim that the triumphant sea power of Great Britain was only another name for an excessive measure of world dominion. If Great Britain should persist in her present attitude after the war is over, she will forfeit the good will of the United States, and in general, the confidence of pacific commercial nations. She will be standing in the way of the construction of a substantial and permanent system of coöperating rather than competing nations. Such a system will be deprived of all real serviceability unless the joint interests of the several nations are expressed in a body of marine law operative both in war and peace, determined either by joint consent or by some common legislative authority, and sustained by the naval forces of the whole federation. A system of this kind provides the only method of giving to the phrase " freedom of the seas " any effective meaning. It was implied in the protest of the United States against the German submarine campaign. It is no less implied by the protest against the equally

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lawless Orders in Council of the British government. And it is a contention to which the British people will eventually agree, unless they wish to invite competition in naval armament, and in the end forfeit the friendship of the United States.

THERE is something uncanny in the collocation of the words "compulsory" and "education." What has been wrong with school, child, home, neighborhood, that a constabulary has had to be invoked to secure attendance at school? And what of the child physically present in the schoolroom who is too often mentally and spiritually truant, his non-attendance in that degree as mischievous as any? Every fresh sign that truancy is coming to be regarded less as a sign of juvenile depravity and more as a deep-rooted symptom of wrong conditions is reassuring. In a report published by the Public Education Association of New York the stated causes of truancy are based on mental and physical tests of the truants and an examination of home and neighborhood conditions. The report deduces the need of more medical and social supervision of the laggards and less of police performance. This conclusion is in line with the proposals of the New York City Mayor's Committee on Vocational Help to Minors, which looks to the formation of child-welfare and guidance committees with the purpose of ministering to the children before they become problems. It is also in line with the proposed readjustments which the New York school system, and indeed all forward-looking school systems, are seeking to effect away from the old drill-bench-textbook road to learning. What the home and school visitor, the play teacher, the vocational counselor, the school nurse and physician, and a vitalized school program itself may yet do is a matter to engage the serious thought of a democracy. School attendance can be made the most appealing experience in the lives of children, normal and subnormal alike, if school authorities accept the challenge implied in the very existence of truancy.

DR. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON has written an article for the New York *Age*, a negro weekly, on the American occupation of Hayti. The article has a double purpose—to interpret our government action for those who are worried about the future of Hayti, and to warn and advise the American people in regard to the task they are undertaking. Dr. Washington, it seems to us, puts his finger on the decisive point when he says that the Haytians distrust us because of our treatment of negroes, and that whether we can work with them successfully will depend upon the kind of men we send to the island. "The racial lines which are drawn in this and other countries will not be tolerated in Hayti," says Dr. Washington, "and American white men who go there should understand this. They must fit themselves to be white men in a black man's country if they want to live there and work there and have any influence there." Dr. Washington makes it clear that he is not advocating "hands off" in Hayti.

> I also hope that the United States will not pursue a mere negative policy in Hayti, that is, a policy of controlling the customs and what not, and without going further in progressive constructive directions . . . I hope some way will be provided by which a portion of the revenues will be used in giving the people a thorough up-to-date system of common school agricultural and industrial education. Here is an excellent opportunity for some of the young colored men and women—to go to Hayti and help their fellows.

Whether this can be done officially under the proposed treaty is doubtful. That it should be done unofficially is certain. Our mission in Hayti is to strengthen Hayti so that intervention is unnecessary. The way to do that is not only to supervise finance, but to build up, as Dr. Washington says, powerful native economic interests based on an educated population.

DR. WASHINGTON'S expressed attitude towards Hayti shows more clearly than any amount of argument that it is possible to be interested in the people of another country without hyphenating your citizenship. In acting as a mediator between Hayti and the United States Dr. Washington does a real service to both countries. No one will say that he is not a good American because his point of view about Haytian negroes is not that of all other Americans. No one can assert that to be unhyphenated is to agree with everything that a majority of Americans happen to believe. We are a nation often desperately ignorant of people unlike ourselves, but in the mixture of our population we have the resources of correcting our prejudices. It is altogether fitting that American negroes should speak out in behalf of Haytian negroes, or Americans of German origin in behalf of Germany. Not only should we never dispute this right; we should welcome it with joy. The quarrel with the hyphenate becomes reasonable when his interest in a foreign country rises to a point where he is willing to prostitute the American government to it. While he remains an interpreter and a propagandist he serves the American people, even though the American people disagree with him.

RUMORS of working-class distress in Germany do not justify the inference that the Central Powers are actually suffering from a shortage of food. There is nowhere a disposition to deny that the harvests in Germany and Austria were unusu-

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ally good this year. And the normal harvest even in Germany is sufficient to maintain the population on a reduced scale such as that to which the Germans have now become accustomed. The chief sufferers are the higher-paid workers and the lower-salaried classes. Prices have advanced, largely in consequence of inflation in media of exchange, and wages and salaries have not advanced proportionately. History affords an abundance of parallels. In France of the Revolution, most of the necessaries of life advanced one thousand per cent, while wages remained stationary. In our own Civil War times wages advanced fifty per cent while prices advanced two hundred per cent. In comparison the German workman is faring very well.

IT is none the less of great significance that the German workingmen are manifesting their discontent and that the government permits the Socialist and liberal press to discuss the situation frankly. A huge debt of social unrest has been accumulating during the war. Some part of it is now falling due. The government has not been able to proceed of its own initiative against the rapacity of the purveyors of food, backed by the great landed interest. Food riots and an active agitation conducted by the press are essential to the government's project of taking over control of all the important articles of food. The proletariat and the government in an informal league against vested interests —this seems almost an incredible political development for Germany. But with the progress of the war such developments are likely to become increasingly familiar. Property will have to be made to pay, and the government will need all the support it can get from the non-propertied classes.

Evasions by Mr. Wilson

CAREFUL study was said to have gone into the President's speech of November 4th on preparedness. The only result of this study seems to have been to eliminate from the utterance every point that could enlighten the country in any way. A speech more resolutely confined to platitudes, to large and dull abstractions, has rarely been offered to an anxious nation. Not a single issue faced, not a doubtful point cleared up—nothing but a request for unanimous support on a program which by its sheer magnitude is one of the great events in modern history. The President is going to ask for men and money to create an armament which will give us a deciding rôle in the councils of the world, and he introduces that request with phrases in which no one can possibly discover a concrete meaning. It leaves us in the dark; it will leave other nations in the dark.

"Our principles are well known," says the President, "it is not necessary to avow them again." One of our principles is entitled the Monroe Doctrine; Mr. Wilson refers to it when he states that "for ourselves we wish nothing but the full liberty of self-development; and with ourselves in this great matter we associate all the peoples of our own hemisphere." But how will a Mexican or Haytian read those sentences? What will Germany or England read into the phrase "full liberty of self-development?" These are not academic questions. They have harassed Mr. Wilson's own administration. When he insisted on ousting Huerta, when he demanded a constitutional election in Mexico, when he proposed to supervise Haytian finance, he was presumably acting on the principles that are "well known." Presumably his policies have been devoted to the "full liberty of self-development"; presumably what Mr. Wilson says is to be judged by what he has done. Who then will have the audacity to say that the principles have been clear? Obviously they have not been clear, for Mr. Wilson has changed his mind and his policy several times. So when he comes before us and asks for additional force to support his principles, he leaves us with the uncomfortable feeling that we are to strengthen a government whose objects are not well known even to itself. To tell us that we represent liberty, justice, etc., is all very well, but in actual practice it is almost as useful as telling the captain of a ship about to leave port that he should steer his course straight for the happiness of mankind.

A foreign diplomat reading the speech might ask himself what we mean by "preparing to vindicate our right to independent and unmolested action." He would look at the Far East, gaze upon the Closing Door, and then inquire whether the United States in building the second greatest navy was preparing to vindicate "rights" out there. He would remember Mr. Wilson's speech at Mobile, and the thought would arise whether the "right to independent and unmolested action" included an intention to prevent European capitalists from securing concessions in Latin-America. He would wish to know what these fine sentiments actually implied. Shall not we who are to pay for and comprise this armament ask the same questions? Can a self-respecting democracy fail to ask them?

If the underlying principle of preparedness is to base armaments on policy, then the President has failed to explain his program. But there are other standards by which preparedness must be judged. After asking what preparedness is for, we must ask how preparedness is to be financed. On this point Mr. Wilson is silent. He does not indicate whether we are to arm by borrowing on the future or by paying as we go. We fear and suspect that the

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Democrats plan to shirk the costs of preparedness by issuing bonds. Next to an ignorance of the policy which armament supports, there can be nothing more dangerous to a democracy than military expenditure which is not paid for directly. Only by basing preparedness on taxes can we be sure that there will be a constant popular check upon it. Nor does the President say one word about reducing the waste in our present military establishments. This is another evasion. If he faced the necessity he would of course arouse political opposition. But face it he must if he is honestly laying out plans for the future.

There is a passing reference in the speech to the third great factor of preparedness. Mr. Wilson speaks of "the mobilization of the resources of the nation," but that is all he has to say on a question which this war has demonstrated to be of such overwhelming importance. It would be interesting to know what the administration has in mind, what it has learned from England's experience, what it is planning for the financial, commercial, and industrial elements of real preparedness. No hint but this one phrase of the President's has come from a responsible member of the administration.

A list of subjects which the President failed to deal with will almost supply a program of action for those who wish to see this country in a position to assume its international task. We can imagine the slogans under which those critics of Mr. Wilson who are not Bryan pacifists can argue their case: "Define American policy; pay as you go; make expenditure efficient; centralize and coördinate administration; control industry; face the problem of labor organization."

The President must lead. It is his task to educate opinion, and to crystallize it on all these points. To do anything less is to make the insecurity of the United States greater than it is at present. For on top of our actual physical unpreparedness we shall have developed the illusion that because we have a few more ships and a few more soldiers we are ready to carry out our purposes. Never was there a time when shopworn abstractions had greater potentiality for evil.

The Fate of Serbia

WHAT is happening in Serbia is, in the official view, but a detail in the grand movements of the war. An overwhelming force of Germans and Austrians is bearing down from the north; another force is pressing in from the west; along the eastern border the Bulgarians are advancing through the valleys and over the mountain passes. The Serbians, men in their prime, old men and boys, even women, are contesting desperately each foot of ground. Already many of them are held within encircling lines of Bulgars and Teutons, to the east of the Morava; other small groups are defending themselves in the hills, with all avenues of escape closed by the Bulgar columns; the advance of the Austrians into Novibazar threatens to cut off the main army from the recesses of the Black Mountains, where even the most powerful invader would shrink from further pursuit. Far to the south an Anglo-French force is endeavoring to bring relief, but so far without material results. What we seem to see is the utter subjugation of a little nation. A temporary subjugation at worst, according to the spokesmen of the Allies, for one of the first articles in any conceivable treaty of peace will be the restoration of the Serbian independence, with boundaries extended at the cost of Austria and Bulgaria, and indemnification for the damages inflicted by the war. Let the Serbs fight on valiantly, and all will be well with them in the end.

There might be a meaning in the promise of compensation if Balkan warfare meant merely the crushing of armed resistance and the incidental destruction of property. But to anyone familiar with the history of Balkan wars the talk of compensation sounds like brutal farce. It is not three years since Bulgars and Serbs fought over the same territory that the Bulgars are now invading. The whole world knows how the Bulgars conducted themselves in this war. Wounded Serbians, abandoned on the field of battle, were ruthlessly dispatched; prisoners were tortured and killed; the dead and dying were hideously mutilated. And the Serbians employed methods of equal barbarity. There appears to have been a distinct purpose on the part of the Serbians to terrorize the Bulgarian civil population of the disputed territory, as a means of impelling emigration *en masse* to Bulgaria and the abandonment of lands and villages to the conquerors. Hence the massacre of unoffending men, the almost universal outraging of women, the more than occasional brutal murder of little children. We Americans still shudder over the traditions of Indian massacres. But in all the history of Indian warfare there never was an incident to compare in barbarity with the Serbian and Bulgarian atrocities of three years ago.

In the Bulgarian armies now invading Serbia there are men who bear fresh scars of Serbian mistreatment, men whose homes were burned, whose fathers and brothers were massacred, whose sisters and wives were violated before their eyes. Let us then ask ourselves what is happening in the lonely valleys of Macedonia, where little bands of Serbians are being hunted down by detached companies of Bulgarians. What is happening to the women and children dragged from their homes or hiding-places in forest and mountain? It is well that the official

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despatches draw a thick veil over the realities of Serbian warfare: so and so many kilometers of advance; such and such villages taken; these are items we can note without shuddering.

But are not the Bulgars operating in conjunction with the Germans, and would the latter tolerate the practices that have always characterized Balkan warfare? We need not doubt that the Germans refuse to countenance atrocities in their presence. But we may be sure that the Germans will confine their own efforts to breaking the main strength of the Serbian opposition. The hunting down of fugitives will fall to the Bulgars. The German attitude toward the Armenian policy of their Turkish allies is sufficient indication that they will leave free rein to Bulgarian revenge in the hills of Macedonia. The Serbian nation may be restored at the end of the war. But for innumerable survivors this can be no compensation for the ghastly terrors they have experienced, the tragic losses they have endured. The whole world would be mourning for Serbia if the world could realize Serbia's present plight.

Post Mortem

INSUFFICIENT attention is being paid to the difficult and disagreeable job of reading into the overwhelming unpopularity of the revised constitution for the state of New York its proper lesson. That instrument was condemned by a majority so large that the adverse decision would ordinarily be considered final; and the inference of finality would be confirmed by the treatment which proposals for administrative reorganization and the short ballot have always received at the hands of American popular opinion: they have almost always been emphatically rejected. Under the circumstances the extraordinary fact is not that the attempt to strengthen the administrative branch of the government has made so little headway, but that it has become a political issue at all, that it has so frequently been recognized by the politicians and has been expressly approved in party platforms. A reform is accepted by the better politicians without the benefit of popularity, but is rejected by the people in whose interest it is devised. A project of administrative reorganization which students of American politics agree to consider indispensable, not merely to governmental efficiency but to the conversion of the state governments into instruments of the popular will, is unceremoniously and even contemptuously repudiated by the voters.

Ordinarily so emphatic a condemnation would have to be considered decisive and irrevocable; but in the present instance it cannot be so considered, precisely because students of American government realize that the voters as a consequence of their action are jeopardizing the future prosperity and even the future safety of democracy itself. The attempt to secure the acceptance of these reforms will be continued because it must be continued, because its abandonment would be tantamount to a renunciation of leadership and of conviction upon the part of their supporters. The question is not whether the attempt to reorganize American state government shall be given up, but how it can be renewed with a better chance of success.

We believe that it can be renewed with a better chance of success. The gentlemen who were responsible for the framing of the rejected constitution misconceived the nature of their task. From the beginning their attention was fastened not upon public opinion and the voters, but upon their fellow delegates. Their assumption was that if they could secure for their reforms the support of their party associates in the convention without incurring too much hostility from their party opponents, they would have little difficulty in carrying along with them a sufficient majority of the voters. They made consequently every necessary concession to the reluctant members of their own party, and succeeded thereby in getting their proposals accepted by a large majority of the convention; but they paid heavily for their success. Their compromises made administrative and social reformers lukewarm in support of their plan, without, as it turned out, securing the loyal support of the interests with which they compromised. The size of the majority against the revised constitution and its even distribution throughout the state proves that among the other adverse influences that of the political machine of both parties was enormously influential. The local bosses, whether Republican or Democratic, were almost unanimously against a constitution which their representatives in the convention had for the most part accepted; and shrewd observers of American politics, such as the leaders of the Republican majority in the convention, should have known they would be against it. The party machines would have been committing suicide in case they had loyally supported the revised and rejected constitution. They are the creators and the beneficiaries of the Venezuelan representative system, so candidly portrayed and so eloquently condemned by Mr. Root. The attempt to secure any but insincere and hypocritical support from them was hopeless from the start. They will always either openly or covertly oppose plans of administrative reorganization which seek to substitute a responsible official leadership for their own irresponsible and lucrative domination of state politics.

If a more efficient, responsive and responsible government is ever obtained for the state of New York, it will be obtained not with the consent of the

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machines of either party or of both, but in spite of their opposition. The two party organizations have always lived upon their ability to convert the state and municipal administrations into pastures for party war-horses and hacks; and they will continue to live upon this kind of forage until the voters finally shake off the spell of the old party allegiances. People who believe in the necessity of state administrative reorganization would do well to realize that the new system cannot be grafted on the old. Before it can be accepted there must be a hard fight, the result of which will be the substitution of a modern democratic organization for the existing misrepresentative pseudo-democracy. The local party machines have been adapted to take advantage of the deficiencies and the abuses of our Venezuelan state governments. If you do away with the abuses you do away with the party machines. Reformers will never be able to extort a really acceptable modern constitution from a convention elected on party lines, or from an electorate which allows its votes on such matters to be dictated by local party bosses. The leaders who will finally frame such a constitution for the state and bring about its acceptance will be men who have from the start addressed themselves directly to the voters, who have managed to make the voters understand that the state political organization is the only safe and effective instrument of popular purposes, and that it needs and deserves their primary allegiance.

A modern constitution must rest upon a much more alert, well-informed and public-spirited body of opinion than that which is now applied to state politics. When such a constitution is adopted, it will be a sufficient indication that the needed body of public opinion has come into existence. But the first effort must be to bring about the change in public opinion; and this can be done only by men who are thoroughgoing democrats in their methods of propaganda, in their sympathies and in their convictions. The voters must be made to feel that the new government is their government, in a sense and to an extent that the present government is not. They are being asked to sanction a huge increase in positive governmental efficiency and power—an increase that implies an equally emphatic access on their part of confidence in their official leadership. But if you want to win popular confidence you must pay for it by interest and confidence in popular impulses and movements. You cannot exhibit lively suspicion of the participation by the people in government and retain all the old safeguards against democratic errors, and then expect the voters to become enthusiastic over governmental activity and efficiency. The men who framed the rejected constitution tried to do something of this kind. They sought to make a constitution for the people of the state without taking the people into their confidence, and the people answered by piling up a vote of no confidence in them. They did not deserve so severe a rebuke and so complete a failure, and the government which they framed would have been much more completely controlled by public opinion than is the present government. But the lesson of their failure should not be misinterpreted. The lesson is not that the attempt is impossible, but that better state government must be attained not by taking popular interest and consent for granted, but by planning and organizing chiefly for the purpose of arousing them in abundant measure.

Opportunity of a Law School

IF the people of this country fastened their attention upon the wielders of real influence rather than upon those who merely wear the clothes of authority, they would take more interest in the election of a dean to the Harvard Law School than in the election of their local legislators or judges. In legal theory the dean of the Harvard Law School is a hired servant of a private corporation; but in fact he holds a national office that can be one of the most influential in the country. Legislatures may, under popular pressure, pass, amend or repeal various statutes, and judges may, from time to time, modify the law through judicial decision; but the hard and tough framework of the law remains that which is taught in law schools. Indeed, so long as human beings remain creatures of habit, the general ideas or intellectual routine which lawyers acquire in the law school must remain the most potent single influence in making the law what it is.

That the distinctive features of any legal system are due to the conditions under which it is taught can readily be seen by comparing the legal system of this country with the system of England and those of the Continental countries. In Continental Europe law has always been taught by the universities. This has frequently led to the triumph of theoretical or scientific over practical interests. Thus the reception and perpetuation of the Roman law in modern Europe is largely due to its teachable qualities. But technical, theoretical elaboration justifies itself by the increased certainty of the law, and the European lawyer serves the community all the better because he is in fact a member of a scientifically trained profession. In England certain privileged guilds, the Inns of Court, very early acquired a monopoly of legal education which, while at some periods thorough, was conspicuously unsystematic and uninfluenced by the progress of other studies. The combination of the shrewd insight and atrociously chaotic pedantry which fill the pages of Coke have left a deep mark on English law. Never-

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theless, the separation of barristers from solicitors, the former being almost exclusively university trained men, makes the bar of England much more of a genuinely liberal profession than is the case in this country. Legal training in this country has until recently been entirely a matter of apprentice or trade-school training. It is true that some of our law schools have for a long time been connected with colleges, but the connection is still somewhat nominal. Only in our own day are a few people beginning to realize that law teaching ought to be a special calling based on special aptitude and training —the hitherto prevailing idea being that any successful lawyer can take off an hour or two from his practice to teach others how to do it. Even in our very best law schools the same men may be expected to teach such diverse branches as criminal law, and common carriers, property and international law, a condition in no wise different from that which prevailed in the early days of the American college, when the same man taught Latin, Greek, mathematics, and the evidences of Christianity.

The Harvard Law School under Dean Langdell was the first to entertain the idea that law is a science to be taught like other sciences. The progress of this idea has made the Harvard Law School the intellectual center of American legal life. Within the past decade, however, a new light has appeared on the legal horizon. The Harvard conception of a scientific knowledge of the law was completely subordinated to the narrow professional idea that the law school was to train lawyers who, on the basis of sound knowledge of what is the law, could give good advice to their clients and win cases in court.

The perception of the fact that law is a part of social life and depends for its efficiency on modern social science and philosophy, coupled with the correlative idea that a juristic profession is necessary, not only to serve the needs of clients but the direct needs of the community for a legal system in harmony with modern needs, is something which only a few Western law professors, men like Wigmore, Freund and Pound, have asserted within the last decade. While Harvard seems to have responded to this idea by the appointment of Professor Pound, the response has been only partial, and a great deal depends on the character of the new dean soon to be elected.

Will Harvard choose a man competent to take the leadership in this movement, a man fit to be the successor of Ezra Thayer? Under Langdell and Ames the Harvard Law School became a national institution attracting the brightest minds of every state in the Union. But the men who made that school a national institution—Langdell, Ames, Thayer and Gray—have now passed away, and there is no guaranty that Harvard's supremacy will last forever. The spirit of the Brahmin caste is not unknown at Cambridge, and more than one department in the university has had its life stifled by it. Will Harvard realize its national obligation and appoint as Dean of its Law School a man capable of leading in this new national movement?

Religion in Public Schools

ENTHUSIASTS for the "work, study and play" school on the lines of the Gary plan have not hitherto had a reputation for religious obscurantism. The views of most of Mr. Wirt's supporters have been opposed to any system that would involve any kind of sectarian domination or religious discrimination. It is therefore a surprise that there has arisen in New York City, where the plan is being gradually introduced, considerable controversy over the provision of the Gary scheme which permits outside institutions, including churches, to coöperate with the school and take children for a few hours a week for special work or instruction. The fear is expressed that this provision will mean the entering wedge of religion into the public school, and some prejudice has been aroused against the Gary plan as "an agent of sinister religious reaction."

These fears we believe are based on a natural but unfortunate misapprehension of the real spirit of the Gary plan. As outlined by Mr. Wirt it holds no brief for religious instruction. It has no concern with any church activity as such. What it tries to do is to coördinate the community child-welfare agencies with the school. The lengthening of the school day absorbs an hour which would otherwise be spent by the city child in the street, at home, in church, or in the settlement. All the Gary plan does is to organize and systematize this hour. It may be spent by the child either in play, or auditorium at the school, or in any institution which provides wholesome activities for children. The object is to coördinate community opportunities so that they may function regularly and vitally instead of spasmodically. The plan gives to all the agencies which pretend to be interested in the child's welfare a chance to spend themselves effectively. It brings up to the level of vital public discussion, for the first time, the question of what sort of home, church and neighborhood activities may be good for children anyway.

Into this scheme the church enters merely as a community institution. As long as any considerable number of parents believe that religious instruction is of world-shaking importance to the child's spiritual welfare, no public school which is really public can do anything but release

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children for this purpose, just as it releases them for playgrounds, settlements, libraries, home music or other instruction. The Gary plan does not release them from regular school hours. The outside time is taken from the extra hour of play or auditorium. Neither is it true that they are turned out into the street for this hour, to be taken care of by the churches or other institutions. No child is excused for church or home unless the parents make formal application. If the parents do not do this, the child stays at the school for his full seven or eight hours of work, study and play. The burden and responsibility are entirely upon the parents and the churches. The teachers have nothing to do with the matter, either in segregating the children or seeing where they go.

There need be little fear that the practice will not conform to the theory. Mr. Wirt tells us that his work, study and play school had been functioning for twelve years in Bluffton and Gary before any religious organization took advantage of this provision. The idea that the opportunity would make for an encouragement of religious instruction seems to be groundless. In the Jefferson School in Gary, which has been longest in operation under this plan, and where the fullest efforts had been made by all the sects and religions of the town to provide this supplementary instruction, scarcely half of the children in the spring of 1915 were going out to any sort of religious training. And in the Gary school in New York, where unusual efforts seem to have been made by certain churches to meet the new plan, not even half of the children leave school for this purpose.

What the critics fear is not so much that a few more children will get religious instruction as that the ecclesiastical power will be strengthened, that "creed consciousness" will be revived, and religious feeling, banished by tradition from our American school, will be brought back in perilous form. But this fear assumes that divorce between religion and the school is now complete. Actually the situation is far from satisfactory. Everyone will agree that public schools in a democracy should be public, that the children of a community should either be in attendance upon them, or receiving an equivalent education or a better one. In reality between one-fifth and one-third of the school children in a city like New York are not in the public schools at all, but in special church schools, maintained by private bodies at great expense in an effort to fuse religious and secular education. And however far from ideal the public schools may be, no one pretends that they are not far superior to these special schools. Everyone will agree that from a social point of view it is highly undesirable that even a quarter of a city's children should be relegated to an education far inferior to one which the city itself is ready to give them. The danger that the public school system will thus be gradually more encroached upon is real and pressing. As long as the public school is in any sort of competition with the church school, religion will not be entirely divorced from the schools. Any plan which gives the churches opportunity to provide religious instruction outside of the schools will lessen the urgency of the special church school. It will bring back the preponderance of the public school, make it more "public," and the special school less necessary for those who wish religious instruction for their children.

What the Gary plan seems to do is not to bring religion into the schools, but for the first time to take it out of the schools. The relations now between church and school are hidden. The Gary plan brings them into the open. If the school boards are in the habit of lending supplies to church schools, that fact becomes known, and the whole question is for the first time posed whether the public desires the continuance of such a policy. If there are attempts at proselytizing through the influence of over-zealous teachers, that fact becomes known, and the interested public which desires the absolute divorce of church and school is in a position to exercise vigilance. Not religious instruction outside the schools is the real peril, but religious influence in the schools, and this peril the Gary plan scotches in a way that is fair and acceptable to every element concerned. The establishment of a fair, free and open relation between the school and all other community institutions is of utmost importance to society. No institution which has anything valuable to offer the child will lose by such a relation. No outside power can dominate or even partially control a public school which has established it.

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Insiders and Outsiders

THE New York constitution was prepared by men who generally figure as leading citizens of the community. They represented the power and the pride and not a little of the intelligence of New York State. They worked hard, and with extraordinary good faith. They suppressed or neutralized the more disreputable elements in both parties. They produced a document which in spite of its many faults was probably the most progressive state constitution which has been offered to the American people. Yet they were not only beaten, they were contemptuously dismissed. As fathers who have had the door slammed in their faces, they must be wondering why the voters misunderstood their best efforts, rejected their best ideas, and exhibited such stinging distrust of their intentions.

It was a case where leaders and followers found themselves so far apart that they were not even able to communicate. The small minority who stood for the constitution and the large majority who defeated it seemed to speak separate political languages. They did not understand each other's ideas, nor possess the same insights. It will not do to say that each side was determined by selfish interests. There were selfish interests on both sides no doubt, but they were not predominant. The constitution was drafted by men who were trying to do a public service, and it was rejected by the plain people of the state. Corporations, bosses, cranks played a rôle, but not the decisive one. The cleavage of opinion must have some deeper explanation.

We must go back, I think, to that division in what we call our democracy between insiders and outsiders, between those who have first-hand access to the men who direct affairs, and those who get their knowledge through the press and popular tradition. The insider is used to making decisions; he is not limited to gazing at the façade of public life. He knows more than the official character of men; he eats with them, gossips with them at clubs, knows their wives, their family histories, their intimate friends. He is in on the illuminating chatter of events, the unofficial reality, not merely the public parade. The insider understands that so-and-so is the person to see about this, and that the way to get that thing done is to ask Jim to see Billy about it. Such people read the newspapers and then telephone to find out what really happened; they listen to statesmen's speeches with a knowing amusement. They belong to a freemasonry of the privileged who deal with events personally and directly, not formally and at second hand. Rich people, of course, have far more access to this world than poor ones, though a powerful labor leader may establish communication, and begin to know. This realm of deciding people is not narrow—it is in a position to learn what it wishes to know. So there is nothing strange in the fact that the effective people either belong to this world or touch its fringes. It is the society that commands the resources of civilization.

But in respect to the total population it is a very small group. For the great mass of wage-earners and farmers, for clerks and small managers, for most business men, in fact, the inwardness of events is a closed book. Politics to them moves in a mysterious way. Newspapers are naïvely accepted or naïvely rejected, finance is an awe-inspiring secret. They don't know, these outsiders in American life, but they have been fooled time without end. It is not strange that their point of view differs from that of the few who are trained to the making of big decisions.

At their best the insiders realize the need of administration. They are themselves the administrators. Following Bernard Shaw's maxim that each man is a revolutionist concerning the thing he understands, the insiders who worked at Albany were revolutionists about administrative technique. But the very element of politics towards which they were radical is the element which outsiders have the least chance to know anything about. The mass of men never administer anything—so they are complacently oblivious to the importance of administration.

It is not strange that the short ballot, the budget, and so on make no popular appeal. They are devices which seem important only to those who have actually to make decisions. Nor is it any wonder that an interest in administration is rarely to be found in a popular movement. For how can those who are excluded from power be expected to show concern about its technique? As a result, popular leaders are generally found to have more genius for rhetoric, for attack, for inspiration, than for administrative invention. They have no responsibility, they are often seduced into promising what they cannot fulfill. The power which has educated the insiders has left the outsiders uninformed. So they listen to the largest hope and follow the most magnetic personality. They are bored at progress in administrative science; constitutional problems are unreal to them; they have small interest in the difficulties of any great change; they are inclined to trust the magic of words, and to misjudge means and ends. There rises consequently a subtle distrust of popular action among the insiders, a feeling

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that the people do not choose the better part.

This division produces a difference of emphasis. The insiders are generally interested in the aggrandizement of the executive, for they themselves are executives; the people are interested in the legislature because it seems to be the popular part of the government. Now the constitution drafted for New York was clearly an insider's document. Its reforms were administrative; its emphasis was on the executive; it seemed to decrease the power of the legislature. Instinctively the people turned upon it and destroyed it.

Where shall we put the blame for the fiasco? Ultimately, no doubt, on the class division in American life. Each side remained imprisoned in the narrow experience of its class—the insiders with their eyes open to the problem of administration and their minds closed to the feelings and needs of the ordinary voter; the outsiders blind to the importance of a powerful executive, but emotionally true in their judgment of the kind of men who have been their executives.

This may seem a harsh statement to the able and public-spirited men who spent weary months writing the constitution. But after the crash of November 2nd it would be folly to mince words. Those insiders have been masters of American life for a generation. They have not used their power so as to gain popular confidence. They will have to show some deeper insight into American life before they can hope to get a hearing for their administrative reforms. They will have to break out of the circle of the aloof, and go to Canossa.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

The Admirable Anti

NOW when the turmoil and confusion of the local campaign for suffrage have been momentarily quieted, it becomes possible to reflect dispassionately upon elements in the anti-suffrage line-up that appeared exasperatingly inexplicable while the fight was on. There was never the least doubt as to the rationality of the machine politician's opposition to woman suffrage. His power, and consequently his living, was threatened. There may be a place for bosses under the new regime, but women's suffrage will involve a thorough reorganization of the art of bossism. Few of the old bosses will be able to make the readjustment. It is equally natural that interests which have looked to the bosses to defend them against the popular will should oppose any change that might even temporarily unlock the grip of bossism. It is further natural that certain timorous souls possessed of large property legitimately invested should consider themselves secure only when the "mob" is managed and controlled, and should believe that the management and control of the mob might be more difficult under conditions of universal suffrage. These and many other classes have a vested interest in the exclusion of women from the polls. Their action is so natural as to seem in a measure justifiable.

But what of the flying column of "best women" that supports the flanks of the array of political bosses, corporation lawyers, distillers and brewers, new-made aristocrats and would-be oligarchs? What vested interests of the "best women" are threatened that they should go up and down the country, dilating upon the constitutional weaknesses of the feminine organism and the limitations of the feminine mind? "Best women" they are styled by the men whose political purposes they subserve. Let us forget the silly attempts of these men to draw comparisons between women of different political camps and different social classes, and express the conviction that it is not possible to overrate the moral value of many of the women opposing universal suffrage. Among these women, as among the suffragists, there are many who possess in the highest degree the qualities of devotion, sincerity, modesty, courage; and what better thing is there in the world than a woman possessing such qualities? They have taken their stand against woman suffrage on what they conceive to be purely disinterested grounds. But in matters political, apparent disinterestedness is likely to cloak interests so intensely personal that they merge in consciousness with the ideal of the public good. The spectre of the political woman revolts the anti-suffragist. She knows that there must be reasons for this antipathy, and she turns with the fullest confidence to the men upon whose judgment she has been accustomed to depend, and arms herself with their political claptrap. But the biological and sociological arguments against suffrage would not suffice to drag a woman of the anti-suffragist type upon the public platform. It is a very vital vested interest, well sunk into subconsciousness, that explains her fervor.

The living of the leisure-class woman in an organized society is based upon one of the most difficult techniques in the world. It is possible to incorporate in printed manuals all the details that make up the technique of surgery, engineering, architecture. An intelligent youth who has never had the least connection with them may none the less

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acquire them, and may even gain preëminence in them before middle age. The technique of leisure-class ladyship cannot be transmitted through written manuals or formal instruction. Anyone can detect the counterfeit of the commercial finishing school and the etiquette book. It is impossible to produce a philosopher of Hindoo subtlety unless you begin with the child of seven. Similarly, technical instruction for the position of lady of leisure must begin in childhood, and must be carried on unremittingly through the formative years. Nor does it end there. Perfection is seldom attained before middle age, and much weeding out has to be effected in the process. What is won in the end is an art so complete as to be nature. The leisure-class " best woman " is in position to meet every ligitimate demand, so long as the social *status quo* is maintained.

What woman suffrage threatens is the incorporation of a new element in the art of being a lady of the leisure class. Political intelligence will have to have its place along with the moral qualities and the social graces. And therewith are opened possibilities of a new grading of persons in the scale of social valuation. Those who were first under the old order may drop to second or third rank under the new. Those who held an inferior position when women won approval through political ineptitude may gain first place through adaptability to the new state of things. The courtly old gentleman will assure the bewildered ladies of his social circle that their preëminence will remain unchallenged, even if they persist in remaining aloof from the new political current. They know that this is not true. No new element can be introduced into any art without challenging the preëminence of those artists who are unable to adapt themselves to it. Admit women to participation in politics, and the whole art of being a woman will have to be made over. Not radically, nor suddenly, but little by little the social influence of those who are incapable of readjustment will decline, and that of the more adaptable will increase. The gains will accrue especially to the younger women and to those who have never acquired the old art. The losses will fall to the women who have invested all their energies in attaining social perfection. It is a vested interest of vast importance to them, and they are justified in defending the interest, just as the political boss and the business grafter are justified in defending theirs.

An analogy will make clearer the moral situation of the " best women " anti-suffragists. Let us suppose, what is not unthinkable, that a political reform otherwise unobjectionable threatens a revaluation of the elements by which men grade themselves. Just now the qualities that count most in the valuation of men appear to be efficiency, integrity and independence, with the social graces rather far down in the scale. The desirability of the social graces we acknowledge, but if we do not possess them, why, " A man's a man, for a' that." Our political reform, let us say, will have as a logical concomitant a much greater emphasis upon the social graces. Some of us will be able to make the readjustment, but many will not. A re-ranking will therefore be inevitable. Like the anti-suffragists, those of us who feel that we cannot make the readjustment will feed one another's fears until they attain quite fantastic proportions. In our excited imagination it will appear that under the new régime the successful man will be one who appears to advantage in velvet coat and knee breeches, silken hose and silver-buckled slippers. We are no longer to bestow our admiration upon men who can make or break a railway, wrest reluctant secrets from nature, bring order into social chaos. These things we shall still regard as good, but the men to whom we are to give our lasting loyalty will be those who have taste in perfumes and colors, whose small talk flows in modulated tones, whose smiling and bowing and dancing have attained to perfection. The best of us would not be enthusiastic over such a prospect of change. We are satisfied with our ranking in our present ungainliness, If we could be born again, we might learn all those tricks. But we can't possibly do it in this life. Accordingly it behooves us to fight the change.

Indeed, press the analogy further. What kind of men would support a movement carrying in its train the aesthetizing of the human male? Probably as good men as ever were. But we, in our justifiable horror of a change that would knock down the values attached to ourselves, would refuse to see this. We should be certain that the men who favored the change were fundamentally effeminate. We should further be suspicious of the morals of the men who wanted to dandify the sex. The Don Juans, we should assert, would be sure to drift toward the party. Philosophy may assure us that the virtues in which men pride themselves are quite too solidly established to be abrogated by a revolution in attire or manners. But we, individuals too old for readjustment, know that our personal fortunes would be impaired by even the least change in this direction. Therefore we should fight it; and in so doing we should have a right to the respect due those who defend their legitimate private interests valiantly even against the superior claims of social progress. Just so the admirable anti-suffragist has a right to respectful sympathy. She is not, as she sometimes appears, the dupe of vested interests with which she has nothing in common. She is a valiant human being, fighting with whatever weapons come to her hand against tendencies that threaten to impair the capital whence she derives her living and her power.

TH. EBY.

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War Cripples

IT was late evening when I reached Paris. There was not a ray of light in the street when I stepped from the cab to my lodging place; in that one glance I knew Paris was no longer Paris. The next day I began to explore. The Opera House sparkled in the sunshine, the driver's whip snapped; the streets were crowded, but a shadow lay across the city. Sorrowing black-clad people filled the streets. I saw that practically every woman was in mourning. And the men, where were they? Grey-haired men drove cabs, white-haired, bent-shouldered waiters served drinks; but straight, upstanding young men there were none. A one-legged Turk, scarcely more than a boy, went hustling by on crutches with an empty red trouser-leg flapping aimlessly. Paris is full of cripples. Legless, armless, blind men, all young, passed in a steady stream. Every able-bodied man in France under forty-eight has gone to war. Cripples, widows and ambulances, these are the dominant notes. Unceasingly grey auto-ambulances emblazoned with red crosses dash by, bearing their burdens to hospitals all over Paris.

France says little and does much. She is proud; she is heroic; she fights on. But the heart and life of France is being crushed. It is impossible to see this and do nothing. I offer my services as assistant nurse at the American ambulance and am accepted. At eight every morning a hospital car takes me to the American ambulance where I work until six. It is a busy life. At first I turn in horror from those swollen, red, raw, pus-flowing wounds, occupying the place of an arm or leg or a portion of a face. But in twenty-four hours I am dressing these wounds, self-forgotten. It is good to be working instead of waiting—waiting for unknown horrors. But when a man's wound heals and his strength returns I rebel at sending him back to battle. Is the labor all to be lost? Faster than women can save, men go out and kill. Fortunately or unfortunately, not many men leave the ambulance for the front. Generally they have been too terribly wounded. They come to us with the jaw and lower face blown away or a lung ripped. But science is marvelous. Ribs are cut from the patient and new jaws made, arms, legs and eyes amputated and artificial ones substituted. The ambulance loses by death but six per cent of its cases, yet only one in ten of the men in my ward will be able to return to the front. This accounts for the endless procession of cripples.

On the second morning as I hurry down a long hospital corridor I see a familiar face. A short, dark-haired, dark-eyed young man is coming toward me. He is one of the wounded and his right arm is gone. His eye catches mine. He stops bewildered. Then comes recognition. It is Zeni Peshkoff—Maxime Gorki's adopted son. Eight years ago when this man was a boy I had known him in America. I grasp the left hand and my eyes drop before the empty right sleeve. But Zeni Peshkoff is still gay, laughing Zeni. He makes light of his trouble. Not until later do I understand the terrible suffering there is from the missing arm or realize how he struggles to use that which is not. Peshkoff had been in the trenches for months. He had been through battles and bayonet charges and escaped unhurt, but at last his day came. A bursting shell destroyed the right arm. He knew the danger, and struggling to his feet, walked from the battlefield. With the left hand he supported the bleeding, broken right arm. As he stumbled back past trenches full of German prisoners his plight was so pitiful, his pluck so great, that instinctively these men saluted. At the Place de Secours eight hundred wounded had been brought in. There were accommodations for one hundred and fifty.

All night young Peshkoff lay unattended, for there were others worse hurt. Gangrene developed, and he watched it spread from fingers to hand and from hand to arm. In the morning a friendly lieutenant noticed him. "There's one chance," he said, "and that's a hospital. If you can walk, come with me." Slowly young Peshkoff arose. Half fainting he dressed and went with the lieutenant—first by taxi to the train and then twelve torturing hours to Paris. As the hours passed the gangrene crept higher and higher. The sick man grew giddy with fever. At each station his carriage companions, fearing death, wished to leave him upon the platform. But the lieutenant was firm. The one chance for life was the hospital. Finally Paris was reached; a waiting ambulance rushed him to the hospital. Immediately he was taken to the operating room and the arm amputated. A half hour more and his life could not have been saved. But this dramatic incident is only one of many. The pluck of the average soldier is unbelievable. Operations are accepted without question. There are no protests—only the murmured "C'est la guerre, que voulez-vous?"

The wounded do not like to talk war. Their experiences have been too terrible. They try to forget. War is no longer a series of gallant deeds, it is a matter of bursting shells. One man with leg blown off had never even seen the enemy. Bayonet charges after months of waiting are almost a relief. But a normal man does not enjoy running his bayonet into his fellow-man. It can be done only under intense excitement. Self-defense and stimulants are the aids.

Only one soldier spoke with gusto of the Germans he had killed. This man had had his lower face shot away. A wounded German lying on the ground had risen on his elbow and shot him. "Then," said the

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Frenchman, "I took my bayonet and ran him clear through." He said: "Ugh, I ran him through again and he was dead." To most men those bayonet charges are like mad dreams.

I asked Zeni Peshkoff, socialist, what his sensations were when he went out to kill. "It didn't seem real, it doesn't now. Before my last charge the lieutenant and I were filled with the beauty of the night. We sat gazing at the stars. Then the command came and we rushed forward. It did not seem possible I was killing human beings." It is this unreality that sustains men. Germans are not human beings—only the enemy. For the wounded French soldier will tell you he loaths war and longs for peace. He fights for one object — a permanent peace. He fights to save his children from fighting.

"Have you any children?" I asked one soldier. "No, thank God," is the reply. "But why?" "Because," comes the fierce answer, "if I had a son I would rather he deserted than see what I have seen." This man is not unusual. The soldiers—not the women—are beginning to say: "We will have no more children unless there is no more war."

In the hospital the truth is spoken. No soldier wants to go back to battle. Yet he goes and every man in France goes willingly. What else is there to do? The enemy is in the land and must be driven out. It may be the Frenchman will smash himself and his house, but as he says, with a significant shrug: "C'est la guerre, que voulez-vous?" How often that phrase struck my ears. In the operating room, at the death-bed, in the presence of hundreds of little white crosses on a bloody battlefield, wearily, cynically, despairingly, I hear the voice of the soldier proclaiming: "C'est la guerre, que voulez-vous?"

Yet out of the suffering of war has come gentleness. Ready hands help one another. Strangers talk in the street. Wherever I go my little red cross sign of the hospital wins favor. A torn skirt is humbly mended on bended knees, and when I offer a fee the money is pushed back into my hands with the words: "Pour les blessés." This is the language of the women—"pour les blessés." No service is too great for the wounded. Weeping women stop to tell each other their stories. Vainly I search for signs of heartlessness or gayety. The Montmartre district is closed. The paint is peeling from the front of the Moulin Rouge, and the theatre door sags on its hinges. The Folies Bergéres was open and I went there. But it was a dreary performance—no lightness, no gay little jokes, no evening dresses. Even the street women wore black and plied their trade cheerlessly. I remember the conversation of my neighbors in a restaurant. Unknown woman to soldier home on leave: "Can't you stay over this evening?" Soldier: "No." Woman: "I don't want any money; I want to be with you and talk." Soldier: "Why?" Woman: "Paris is so boring; there are no men."

It is a curious anomaly that in all Paris there is no "peace movement," yet there as nowhere else one can talk peace. The soldiers in the hospital listen eagerly to my tales of the social democrats in Germany. I suggest internal revolution rather than smashing by an outside force as a way of ending war and militarism. To this they agree. But how reach the social democrats and start revolution? That is the problem. To negotiate with the German government they believe impossible. The government is not to be trusted. It would lie and there would be another war. Germany must be defeated because that will defeat militarism, end war, and bring permanent peace. Germany bitter, relentless, ugly and at bay; France tragic, proud, suffering and resolute; England annoyed, reluctant, capable and sure; and all determined to fight the thing through to a finish. Is there a way out? When will it end? "I don't know when the war will end," says a soldier, "but I know where it will end—in the trenches." More and more it grows clear that the test is to be endurance, not victories.

One day I visited the battlefield of the Marne. This is twenty miles or more from the front. Yet at Marne new trenches are being dug. France is covered with trenches; as my train sped to Boulogne soldiers were building them to the railroad track. From day to day as battle rages a trench may be taken. But how can either side beat back over miles and miles of trenches? Meanwhile human life ebbs out. The fields of Marne are one vast cemetery. The land is dotted with little white crosses. Yet from this land the peasant gathers his crop. Never has the ground been more fertile. With a crack of his whip the driver points to a great open meadow. "There," he says, "four thousand Germans were burned to death, and to-day we are gathering the biggest hay crop the land has known."

On one of my last days in Paris I went to the Invalides. Some wounded soldiers were being decorated. The place was packed. Weeping relatives came to honor their brave men. A mother with a baby stands beside me. Tears are on her cheeks, but pride shines in her eyes as a blind husband is led to his place. Then a band strikes up, and out across the courtyard move a hundred legless, armless and blind men. The Commander-in-Chief is bestowing kisses and pinning on medals. I shut my eyes. I see France as she will be in a few years—swarming with cripples. I see young men made old and helpless, sitting in chimney corners, silently fingering medals.

MADELEINE Z. DOTY.

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The Dogs of Joe Gone

DESPITE his arresting history, it was not in the brusque Oklahoma town to sympathize with that unfortunate Indian, Joe Gone. In particular was sympathy beyond the group of loafers who lived in the buildings of Rotten Row, where the road from the railway station to the postoffice threw a tributary along the gulches.

The want of feeling lay in the fact that these men saw little in Joe Gone to differentiate him from his people, greasy, tawdrily clothed, inane. These whites, being of that worthless cross between idler and ranch-hand which never produces even a tenant farmer, were not of fine perceptions. They hated the Indians for their "orneriness," their easy supply of funds, their race. The promiscuous social relations of the tribal members, the ease with which vice entered along avenues opened by their fluent income, the reactions following the attempt to pour Caucasian culture through schools and agencies into their rough community, had produced many a strange individual history. A man like Henry McClain, for example, could not interest himself in detailed palliations when he thought of the natural depravity of the race. The Southern indifference to inferior breeds and colors combined with this generalizing spirit. The Indians would have been mere objects of contemptuous amusement save that they were also a people to be exploited. The little town even supported several lines of cabs for lazy bucks to hail.

Yet Joe Gone had lived a life that might have caused some sociologists to travel across half the continent to interview him, and that in its tragic implications would put a Lear to shame. Thirty-five years before, when the land was new, the white man a rarity, and government paternalism but faintly foreshadowed, Joe Gone was a hopeful young man. He was on his way to leadership of one of the villages that had prospered during even the dark aftermath of the Civil War in Indian Territory. He was married and had children. An autumn epidemic fell upon the tribe, and amid general suffering he fell ill, grew more deeply emaciated as his fever raged, and one morning was found where he had dragged himself in delirium outside his lodge, stiff and cold. His body was disposed of with proper ceremony, far out on the open prairie, on a rough erection of stakes and skins. Food and drink were duly placed by his mother and wife close to his rigid fingers. Three days later, staring and ghastly, he stumbled back into the village, that scattered in terror to where the buffalo grass hid it. Some would have shot him, but the elders would not permit such trifling with the demon that had reanimated Joe Gone's body. When his people returned they would neither speak to him nor seem to see him. They passed him by as if he did not exist, and even when he slept by their fires and took the food that they ate, all—wife and child included—made as if he were not.

Thus he had lived for the space of a generation. Now the white men had known him for fifteen years. His mother had died without speaking to him. His wife had remarried. His son had gone away to school and into the Northwest to farm, without noticing his existence. From the government he received his share of his nation's income, but his long isolation had bred a distrust of even white humankind. There were doubtless times when his brain so far yielded to the strain that he thought himself actually a ghost, somehow fated to dwell in an apparent vesture of flesh. There had been but one interruption of this long period of exile. He had once been present at a wheat threshing. One of the children he had taught when he was himself a youth was feeding the bundles into the shredder. The child's arm was caught and drawn among the knives, and in his agony he called wildly upon Joe Gone to extricate him. But no one had ever done Joe a service, and no one ever would. As he became more and more "queer," in the phrase of the whites who knew him, there were fewer and fewer of that race who cared to speak or nod to him.

One close link with the living world, indeed, Joe Gone had. The single other tribal outcast was a lamed or diseased dog, and in the passage of years the Indian had collected around him four of these discarded canines, nursed them back to health and fatness, and cherished them into the most ardent devotion to himself. Whenever he appeared in town one or two of the dogs—the rest were at home guarding his shack—were at his heels, an entourage for which he spared little expense in providing tidbits of meat, and which repaid him by snarling ferociously at any who would stay his path. Their affection for him, be it understood, was undemonstrative. Had they offered to lick his hand he would have kicked them; he seemed to keep them at the distance that men kept voluntarily. But no affable storekeeper thought of saying, "Howdy, Joe Gone?" without inquiring, "How's them dogs of yourn to-day?" To have omitted this would have been to miss the curt growl with which Joe lifted his brown eyes, gleams of apprehension and defiance battling with their native resignation.

So much for Joe's history up to August of the

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county fair. The fair was planned to attract half that corner of the state, and its domes of canvas and frame—for, thanks to the huge dimensions of the Oklahoma County, it was an itinerant affair, held annually in a new place—were to rise near that section of the town where dwelt the thousand Indians. As the town authorities planned its course, and traveled daily the cotton-lined avenue leading past the Indians' homes, a natural precaution occurred to them. The summer had been hot and parching, and the river had shrunk first to a series of pools and then to a corrugated, scaly bed of clay. Carried swiftly back and forth in their spring wagons, the selectmen and president of the village became cognizant of the rows of dripping red tongues and the panting sides of the troops of Indian dogs visible from the dusty roadway. One Thursday night an ordinance was passed sentencing to death all dogs found after three days without muzzles. On Monday the fair would begin, and it would not do for women and children to run the risk of being bitten by mad animals. "Constable McClain," remarked the president, "will see that everybody, especially in the Indian settlement, is warned of this ordinance." The price set upon the head of each unmuzzled dog was twenty-five cents.

And warn the Indian settlement, through all its chief men, Constable McClain did, though perhaps not without a shrewd consciousness that the warning would never be conveyed to one member of the community, and that others would disregard it. The eight o'clock sun of Monday, an hour before the fair opened, saw him on his way along the dividing ridge beyond which lay the groups of Indian houses. Three stray dogs he shot in the presence of the waking Indians, drawing some plaudits for his skill, and then proceeded with slightly quickened stride to where the lonely shack of Joe Gone stood in the hot sunshine.

Joe Gone was stooping over a skillet on a little rocky platform outside, the deep green and yellow of his short blanket a picturesque splotch in the dun landscape. In the foreground wandered one unmuzzled dog; three others lay recumbent in the tiny patch of shade cast by the cabin. Without a word McClain brought his gun to his shoulder and shot the beast roving in the weeds in front. At the dog's yelping leap in air Joe straightened and darted forward, and the other three animals started to their feet. One after the other, as fast as the ejector of his repeating rifle worked, McClain shot them where they were.

The Indian stood stunned, stood as if he were trying to realize that the only companions he had had in thirty-five years were gone. As McClain, departing, looked back over the ridge, he saw the shapeless mass of gaudy garments that defined Joe bent unsteadily over the oldest and grayest of the dogs. For a moment his heart smote him. "Oh, hell," he remarked, "what if one of them had got hyderphoby to-day and bit somebody? Better have killed the greasy old skunk of an Indian himself than let that happen." As he straddled the fence into the roadway he muttered to himself, "Nothin' on earth could have got it into that Indian's head that he'd got to muzzle his beasts." His conscience was still a little touched, and he resolved to come back with some tobacco for the old buck when he got his bounties. But at this moment he reached the centre of the road, the sun shot a sheaf of rays to the sky from the upraised instruments of a band approaching the fair, the band broke into a merry march, and McClain's heart lightened as he came trudging in, the licensed protector of the highway.

A week later he passed the Indian's cabin in the dusk, and saw Joe Gone sitting alone in front, as had been his wont for many years. His face was thinner than McClain had seen it, his shoulders more stooped. His rusty black hair was unkempt, and about his figure hung an atmosphere of impenetrable apathy. When McClain passed other Indian homes nearer the town, he inquired for the recluse. "His dogs were shot," was the rejoinder. "Heem very hurt. He went off down the river week ago, mourning heem dog, and gone ever since."

"I knew it," mused McClain, reassured. "The old Indian's never had any friends, and of course he don't take losses hard. I knew he'd get over it in no time."

ALLAN NEVINS.

Sophronisba

I SHOULD scarcely have understood Sophronisba unless I had imagined her against the background of that impeccable New England town from which she says she escaped. It is a setting of elm-shaded streets, with houses that can fairly be called mansions, and broad lawns stretching away from the green and beautiful white church. In this large princeliness of aspect the naïve stranger, like myself, would imagine nothing but what was grave and sweet and frank. Yet behind those pillared porticos Sophronisba tells me sit little and petrified people. This spacious beauty exists for people who are mostly afraid; afraid of each other, afraid of candor, afraid of sex, afraid of radicals. Underneath the large-hearted exterior she says they are stifled within. Women go queer from repression, spinsters multiply on families' hands, while the young men drift away to Boston. Dark tales are heard of sexual insanity, and Sophronisba seems to think that the chastest wife never conceives without a secret

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haunting in her heart of guilt. I think there are other things in Sophronisba's town, but these are the things she has seen, and these are the things she has fled from.

Sophronisba is perhaps forty, but she is probably much younger than she was at eleven. At that age the devilish conviction that she hated her mother strove incessantly with the heavenly conviction that it was her duty to love her. And there were unpleasing aunts and cousins who exhaustingly had to be loved when she wished only spitefully to slap them. Her conscience thus played her unhappy tricks through a submerged childhood, until college came as an emancipation from that deadly homesickness that is sickness not for your home but intolerance at it.

No more blessed relief comes to the conscience-burdened than the chance to exchange their duties for their tastes, when what you should unselfishly do to others is transformed into what books and pictures you ought to like. Your conscience gets its daily exercise, but without the moral pain. I imagine Sophronisba was not unhappy at college, where she could give up her weary efforts to get her emotions correct towards everybody in the world and the Three Persons in the heaven above it, in favor of acquiring a sound and authorized cultural taste. She seems to have very dutifully taken her Master's degree in English literature, and for her industrious conscience is recorded somewhere an unreadable but scholarly thesis, the very name of which she has probably forgotten herself.

For several years Sophronisba must have flowed along on that thin stream of the intellectual life which seems almost to have been invented for slender and thin-lipped New England maidens who desperately must make a living for themselves in order to keep out of the dull prison of their homes. There was for Sophronisba a little teaching, a little settlement work, a little writing, and a position with a publishing house. And always the firm clutch on New York and the dizzy living on a crust that might at any moment break and precipitate her on the intolerable ease of her dutifully loving family. It is the conventional opinion that this being a prisoner on parole can be terminated only by the safe custody of a man, or the thrilling freedom of complete personal success. Sophronisba's career has been an indeterminate sentence of womanhood. She is at once a proof of how very hard the world still is on women, and how gaily they may play the game with the odds against them.

I did not meet Sophronisba until she was in the mellow of her years, and I cannot disentangle all her journalistic attempts, her dives into this magazine and that, the electrifying discovery of her by a great editor, the great careers that were always beginning, the great articles that were called off at the last moment, the delayed checks, the checks that never came, the magazines that went down with all on board. But there were always articles that did come off, and Sophronisba zigzagged her literary way through fat years of weekly series and Sunday supplements and lean years of desk work and book-reviewing. There are some of Sophronisba's articles that I should like to have written myself. She piles her facts with great neatness, and there is a little ironic punch sometimes which is not enough to disturb the simple people who read it, but flatters you as of the more subtly discerning. Further, she has a genuine talent for the timely.

There has been strategy as well as art in her career. That feminine Yankeeness which speaks out of her quizzical features has not lived in vain. She tells with glee of editors captured in skillful sorties of wit, of connections laboriously pieced together. She confesses to plots to take the interesting and valuable in her net. There is continuous action along her battlefront. She makes the acceptance of an article an exciting event. As you drop in upon her for tea to follow her work from week to week, you seem to move in a maze of editorial conspiracy. Her zestfulness almost brings a thrill into the prosaic business of writing. Not beguilements, but candor and wit, are her ammunition. One would expect a person who looked like Sophronisba to be humorous. But her wit is good enough to be surprising, it is sharp but it leaves no sting. And it gets all the advantage of being carried along on a voice that retains the least suggestion of a racy eastern twang. With the twang goes that lift and breathlessness that makes everything sound interesting. When you come upon Sophronisba in that charming dinner group that she frequents or as she trips out of the library, portfolio in hand, with a certain sedate primness which no amount of New York will ever strain out of her, you know that for a few moments the air is going to be bright.

How Sophronisba got rid of the virus of her New England conscience and morbidities I do not know. She must have exorcised more demons than most of us are even acquainted with. Yet she never seems to have lost the zest that comes from standing on the brink and watching the Gadarene swine plunge heavily down into the sea. She has expelled the terrors of religion and the perils of thwarted sex, but their nearness still thrills. She would not be herself, neither would her wit be as good, if it were not much made of gay little blasphemies and bold feminist irreverences. There is the unconscious play to the stiff New England gallery that makes what she says of more than local relevance. In her serious talk there lingers the slight, interested bitter tang of the old Puritan poison. But current issues mean

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much to Sophronisba. These things which foolish people speak of with grave-faced strainings after objectivity, with uncouth scientific jargon and sudden lapses into pruriency, Sophronisba presents as a genuine revelation. Her personal curiosity, combined with intellectual clarity, enable her to get it all assimilated. Her allegiance went, of course, quickly to Freud, and once, in a sudden summer flight to Jung in Zurich, she sat many hours absorbing the theories from a grave, ample, formidably abstract, and—for Sophronisba—too unhumorous Fraülein assistant. What Sophronisba got she has made into a philosophy of life, translated into New England dialect, and made quite revealingly her own. Before journalism claimed her for more startling researches, she would often give it for you in racy and eager fashion, turning up great layers of her own life and of those she knew about her. Many demons were thus sent flying.

Her exorcisms have been gained by a blazing candor and by a self-directed sense of humor which alone can support it. With the white light of this lantern she seems to have hunted down all the evil shadows in that background of hers. Her relentless exposure of her own motives, her eager publicity of soul and that fascinating life which is hers, her gossip without malice and her wise cynicism, make Sophronisba the greatest of reliefs from a world too full of decent reticences and self-respects. That heavy conscience has been trained down to an athletic trimness. I cannot find an interest or a realism or a self-interpretation at which she will cringe, though three centuries of Puritanism in her blood should tell her how unhallowed most of them are.

Sophronisba, naturally, is feminist to the core. Particularly on the subject of the economic servitude of married women does she grow very tense, and if anywhere her sense of humor deserts her it is here. But she is so convincing that she can throw me into a state of profound depression, from which I am not cheered by reflecting how unconscious of their servitude most of these women are. Sophronisba herself is a symbol of triumphant spinsterhood rejoicing the heart, an unmarried woman who knows she would make a wretched wife and does not seem to mind. Her going home once a year to see her family has epic quality about it. She parts from her friends with a kind of resigned daring, and returns with the air of a Proserpine from the regions of Pluto. To have laid all these ghosts of gloom and queerness and fear which must have darkened her prim and neglected young life, is to have made herself a rarely interesting woman. I think the most delightful bohemians are those who have been New England Puritans first.

S. B. R.

A COMMUNICATION

Why Suffrage Failed in New Jersey

SIR: The editorial conclusion in your issue of October 23rd that suffrage had failed in New Jersey because of the ineffectiveness of the suffrage propaganda is the obvious conclusion. Some observations indicate, however, that it was because of the effectiveness of our campaign that we were defeated.

To illustrate, in Blairstown, a rural residence town beyond the commuter radius, we were never able to get a foothold. Our state headquarters held a few meetings there, we circularized the voters, but we never met with enough response to enable us to organize. The place carried by a small majority. Exactly the same is true of Washington, a very similar town in the same county. In Belvidere, a third town of much the same size and character in the same county, we had had an excellent organization for some years, which canvassed, held many fine meetings, with speakers of state and national reputation, and otherwise conducted a good and effective educational campaign. The town failed by a majority of ten. In Phillipsburg, an industrial city of 15,000 in the same county, a town packed with voters, enormous crowds of men stood for hours at our street meetings. We had enthusiastic and overflowing indoor meetings, able local workers, and the sentiment of the place seemed entirely friendly. On no town of its size in New Jersey did we expend more effort. It gave a heavy majority against us.

This sort of thing can be paralleled in many cases. I am not aware of any town carrying in which we did no work. But many places in which we did our best and heaviest work were singled out for defeat. Bergen county, for instance, had more suffrage organizations than any other county in the state. A commuter county, its women were in close touch with the New York suffrage movement, and in no county did a larger number of able, devoted, representative women work for the amendment. If we felt sure of one county in the state, it was Bergen. And yet it failed; not in the commuter towns, but in Hackensack, where the party machines put in their work.

My explanation is that where we did work conspicuous enough to attract attention, the bipartisan machine sent instructions for our defeat. If your writer could have been with our watchers at some of the Newark polling places on election day, perhaps he would have revised his opinion as to the cause of our defeat. He would have seen the district leader of one of the dominant parties, generally of the Democratic, acting as the anti-watcher, busily combing the district all day to get out every vote against us; electioneering against us at the very door of the polling place, and even inside, although the law says there shall be no soliciting of votes within one hundred feet of the entrance. He would have seen our women watchers repeatedly ordered out of the polls, even threatened with arrest and with bodily ejection, although they were there strictly in accordance with the New Jersey election law, as interpreted and endorsed by the County Board of Elections. In one case our watcher actually saw money passed by the district leader to a voter; but in case of a suit brought, it would be necessary to prove that this money was not passed in pay-

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ment of a debt. It was current talk about this polling place that the amount passed, five dimes, was being paid generally for votes in this district—so cheaply were we held. In many districts just before seven, the closing hour, streams of men poured out of saloons nearby into the polling places. Many of them were partially intoxicated, in some cases so much so that they required and received assistance in marking their ballots, because they were unable to do it themselves.

There is no city in the state where such able, effective and long-continued propaganda was carried on as in Newark, and that was where our heavy defeat came. We campaigned Newark ward by ward, with street meetings in the quiet residence neighborhoods, to which we got the people out by strenuous advertising; to wit, dodgers left in every house, and a cowbell loudly rung for blocks around at meeting time. We held the largest mass meetings ever held in Newark, with speakers of national and international fame. For three years past we have spoken before organizations of every sort and kind in Newark. We covered every factory with noon meetings. During the last weeks thousands of men listened to our speakers nightly on the streets. In our headquarters were the signatures of thousands of men who had promised to vote for the amendment.

Our fatal weakness was not in propaganda, but in the organization of our forces on election day. There, indeed, we were children compared with the bipartisan machine. Our women, totally without political experience, could not cope with the machine leaders, trained by years of intensive party organization. It was not a legal holiday, and very few men could leave their work or business during the day to help us. The men very generally watched the count for us in the evening. We implored the legislature when the bill was passed not to put our election day upon a registration day. But they did it, and consequently thousands of men registered and then immediately voted; and there was no way to tell whether those men were legal voters or not.

The campaign of the opposition was a joke, so far as propaganda went. They did no street work, they held almost no public meetings, they spoke before few organizations, compared to the suffragists. They depended for their victory upon the smooth, perfect action of the party machines on election day, and this was sufficient.

As a matter of fact, the vote we received was the greatest of all tributes to the effectiveness of our propaganda. Only two things got us that vote: the justice of our cause, and the effectiveness of our educational campaign. With no offices to promise, with no franchises or contracts to serve as the rich prizes of success, in the position of a third party with the two dominant parties combined against us, with no votes of our own to cast, we polled more votes than any third party candidate ever polled in this state except Theodore Roosevelt, a national hero. The Socialist party polls 15,000 votes in this state. The Progressives polled 45,000 at the last state election. We polled 132,000.

The very effectiveness of our campaign aroused the machines to definite and strenuous action against us. In every section it was the most distinguished and notorious boss who organized the opposition. Sometimes he was of one party, sometimes of the other.

We do not claim that we lost the election by fraud. There was apparently fraud, but not enough to change the result. We do absolutely claim, however, that the work of the two old party machines defeated us. It is just as well for suffragists to know this. The suffrage movement has reached the status of a third party, with both the old party organizations to beat in any election. In an ordinary election the Republicans have the Democrats to beat, and vice versa; but we have them both to beat. Third parties in this country have won by slipping in between the two old parties. It was so that Lincoln won the first time. But we cannot slip in between, because they are combined against us.

We shall win eventually. A group of inexperienced women who can do what we did against the parties which control the political destinies of the state and nation the first time we tried it, will win eventually. But it means converting enough voters in both parties to overthrow their own machines, and to beat numerically every purchasable element in those machines. It is a big contract; as big as any group of men in this country ever undertook, and I submit that the able publications in this country, like THE NEW REPUBLIC, should understand the real cause of our defeat. And I submit that the men in this country who do not believe in machine rule, who believe that party machines represent the invisible government and oppose the things which that invisible government does not want, should recognize our position, and give us more help than they have done hitherto.

MINNIE J. REYNOLDS,
Executive Secretary
Women's Political Union of New Jersey.
Newark, N. J.

CORRESPONDENCE

No Moral Necessity for War

SIR: It is difficult to believe that your editorial, "The Reality of Peace," was not suggested by Mr. Robert Herrick's "Recantation of a Pacifist" and was printed to offset its effect. If indeed we need not "be deceived by the war's reported moral gains," why print such attempted deceptions? Is it a "horrible example" showing how easily an intelligent man succumbs when exposed to the fever, or is it because you believe that civilized men may honestly differ on the fundamental question that this raises?

We start out with the proposition that all life is war, but that we are so imaginatively torpid that we do not know it. Admittedly the difference between life in the industrial world and war is one of degree. It appears, however, that war is the only sufficiently shocking and exciting experience to rouse the conscience. This might be so if from any rational point of view war were not so utterly wasteful and unnecessary, and hence the mellowest of melodramas.

"It is only the weakling who finds nothing to fight about." "No man—no nation is worthy of life, who is not ready to lay it down at necessity. And some matters are of a primary necessity, unarguable, fundamental." Precisely. Which? Well, one of them in almost any society is public peace.

It is the same old devil's favorite, biologic necessity, a poor name for might makes right; for the mailed fist pauses

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not for reply. And I for one cannot understand how might can answer this question as justly as poor old striving human intelligence—if, in truth, we are rational animals.

REALIST.

New York City.

Mr. Herrick's New Utopia

SIR: The war has put many a kink into man's logic. Yet logic never suffered more severely than it did at the hands of Robert Herrick in his article on the "Recantation of a Pacifist." Reduced to syllogistic form, his reasoning is somewhat as follows:

1. Where there is industrial warfare, there is no peace. Hence in America there is no peace. "Anaemic pacifists" like Bryan in particular and the American people in general disregard this. Hence the European sort of warfare is a fine thing, and it's a fine thing for the world, and I'm sorry I ever was a pacifist.

2. As for Europe, people were too happy there before the war. The exploited were exploited and the rich were merely contented, and now they have something to die for. Therefore that sort of war is a fine thing and I'm for it every time.

These are the only two reasons I can find in this uncommon recantation. I call it rather anaemic militarism. It is of course dictated by a discharge from the old emotional centers into new channels. The palaver of these militaristic apologists reminds me of the sort of stuff that the anti-suffragists are pulling off—and for that matter the suffragists too. It is emotion that veils its illogicality by webs of words.

Let me put the logic of Mr. Herrick in another way: Poverty and social misery are deplorable. Smugness and complacency are likewise deplorable. We ought to put an end to both—presumably to achieve happiness for all concerned. The best way to do this is to inject a colossal tragedy into the world. The social sores may be intensified a hundredfold. That doesn't matter—so long as the mass of stupidity is dragged from its complacency into the Puritanistic gloom of stern resolve. Let's all murder each other to-day in order that our children, a few hundred years to come, may enjoy a problematic—what? Happiness? Complacency? Industrial warfare? Then we'll begin all over again and again murder each other to make ourselves truly happy.

This is surely going Christ one better. Jesus merely advised committing material suicide in this world to gain happiness in the next. Mr. Herrick has invented a new salvation: Blest be he who murders his fellow-men, for he shall receive happiness in this world. All glory to Mr. Herrick for his new Utopia.

CHARLES ELSTEIN.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

From the Liquor Dealers

SIR: Your recent review of the "Anti-Prohibition Manual," in which you criticized the statistics submitted in rejoinder to the statistical arguments of the Prohibitionists, appears to be based largely on a misapprehension of the purpose for which those statistics were used. There was no intention, as your review implies, of trying to prove by the census returns that "the temperate use of beer, wine and whiskey is productive of longevity." What was sought to be shown was that the statistics given by the prohibitionists to back up their claim that crime, poverty, insanity and a high death-rate are the results of the licensed and regulated liquor traffic, are untrue, and that the Federal Census gives abundant proof that the prohibition states have a higher percentage of crime, insanity and poverty, and a lower percentage of literacy and church population, than have the license states.

We would respectfully submit that this is a legitimate effort to correct false news published for a specific purpose, and to "develop through popular discussion a steady, sane, tolerant, self-reliant opinion free from jingoism and above the level of the mere mob-mind." We do not contend that prohibition produces crime, insanity and poverty, but we do assert, and prove our assertion, that prohibition does not diminish these evils.

Your reviewer is disposed to pass lightly over the problem of the loss of revenue to the national, state and municipal governments through prohibition, and says: "But the book does not seem to realize that the reader is already paying these taxes every time he takes a drink." That is quite true, but he is paying the taxes voluntarily. May I submit a quotation from President Garfield which bears on this point? Shortly before he became President, General Garfield in the House of Representatives said in debate on an amendment to the internal revenue laws: "The taxes upon whiskey, beer and cigars and such things are taxes that come upon the consumer alone. It is a curious fact that these are taxes that may be called strictly voluntary taxes. The United States goes by its officers all over the country with a contribution box, as it were, and says to every man, woman and child: 'we offer you the opportunity of contributing something to the expenses of the government on the score of whiskey, beer, tobacco and cigars, but you are not obliged to do so.' It is absolutely a voluntary contribution."

The revenue question has always been considered the most important question before Congress, as it has been the one which has caused more embarrassment to the administration of the government than any other. The citizen who pays a voluntary tax is not always willing to pay a tax imposed upon him without his consent, as we have repeatedly seen demonstrated when a Republican or a Democratic majority in Congress was condemned and overturned by the electorate after the enactment of a revenue law. The question of abandoning one-third of the present government revenues by adopting national prohibition does not concern alone the reader who drinks, and now pays $250,000,000 voluntarily, but it concerns all the people who must by some other form of taxation pay that rather tidy sum of money each year for the support of the government.

The prohibitionists have declined to discuss this side of the question, contenting themselves with the assertion that prohibition is a moral issue, and that the government should not live on revenues from the liquor traffic. Some of them have suggested that the income tax amendment to the Constitution opens the way for the settlement of the revenue question. If it is the purpose of the prohibitionists to have $250,000,000 revenue raised by an income tax, the people who now pay that tax will be interested, and they may insist that Congress shall reduce the exemption in the present law so as to compel those who have incomes of less than $4,000 to participate in the payment of the income tax. And since the prohibition leaders in Congress refuse to take up the revenue problem, may I suggest that THE NEW REPUBLIC draft a tentative revenue bill that will raise $250,000,000 a year; give exact schedules as to what the taxes shall be and where they will fall; and submit this bill to its readers. It would provoke a discussion that might de-

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velop public sentiment as to whether there shall be substituted for $250,000,000 of taxes now voluntarily paid by the consumers of certain beverages, a compulsory tax of that amount to be paid by the general public.

HENRY J. KALTENBACH,
President New York State Wholesale Liquor Dealers Association.

[If the author of this letter believes that the crude census figures so carefully compiled in the Anti-Prohibition Manual neither prove nor disprove that prohibition decreases crime, insanity, poverty and illiteracy, he is exactly of our opinion. What we objected to was the misleading and unscientific character of the evidence presented; whether or not the prohibitionists bring forward equally inane and inconclusive arguments is a matter upon which we are not informed. We do not have their Manuals before us.

If the country ever goes over to a prohibition basis, there will be many ways in which the federal, state and municipal governments may make up the resulting loss in revenue. Our own preference would be for higher and more sharply graduated income and inheritance taxes, as well as taxes upon future unearned increment, similar to those worked out by Lloyd George in England.—THE EDITORS.]

Not Cleverness

SIR: May I, by your courtesy, put a question to Mr. Harrison Smith, author of the article, "Recruiting in Trafalgar Square"? Re-reading it in cold print, is he satisfied that it is an accurate, comprehensive and well-balanced account of an actual occurrence? If he is, there is no more to be said. This letter needs no answer. If he is not, then may I suggest to him that though clever writing is attractive, the temptation to indulge in it on such a topic should be resisted? Nor do I envy you, sir, the responsibility of its encouragement.

H. GRANVILLE BARKER.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

[Since there may be others in addition to Mr. Barker who have criticized the article, "Recruiting in Trafalgar Square," on the score of its verisimilitude, the author is grateful for this opportunity to assure them that he reported the incident exactly as he saw it. H. S.]

Two Enemies of Jingoism

SIR: What an astounding hodgepodge of immoral sentimentalism Mr. Lippmann has indulged in under the title of "Patriotism in the Rough," in your issue of October 16th! Is it his purpose to furnish a basis for jingoism or to write an apologia for the hyphenated American? It bears the earmarks of that mystical, but from the standpoint of her rulers, very practical, doctrine that for years has been inculcated in German schools—"The group lives, the individual is lost in its greater glory"—the pernicious doctrine that is one of the strong contributing causes of the present conflict.

Nationality is a word that lacks a definition, or rather it may be said to have many definitions, because of the loose use of the term. It is perhaps most accurately used to denote the idea of a group of people conscious of unity, a group that may or may not be a nation, i. e., a state. This unity does not depend upon race, language or religion, although these have been factors in creating and developing nationalities. The determining factor has been economic unity—solidarity of economic interest.

A little reflection would show Mr. Lippmann that nationalities are an essentially modern institution, really a development of the nineteenth century. So new indeed are they that the great blunder of the Congress of Vienna was the failure to take them into account. The sense of nationalism has been developed first of all as a means whereby a subject group of people maintains its individuality and culture and resists absorption at the hands of the ruling state. The Poles and the Czechs are examples. Secondly it has been fostered as a means of preserving the independence of small states against the aggression of powerful neighbors, as in the case of Switzerland and Belgium. Lastly it has been artifically cultivated to bring about a unity of diverse elements for political purposes, as in the modern German Empire.

It has been effective for these purposes, but it has been sadly overdone, especially in the latter instance. What we need to-day is to lessen rather than strengthen national feeling, and to cultivate a sense of world-citizenship to take the place of provincial pride. "Above all nations is humanity." Let us hear no more rubbish about the "mythical entity whose life includes the lives of all individuals, but whose life transcends the lives of those individuals." Let us not cultivate the spirit that tends to make an American or a German walk around with a chip on his shoulder and despise other peoples as inferior or decadent. Patriotism—the sort portrayed by Mr. Lippmann—is nothing but the politician's tool whereby peoples are moved to war and hate as suits his special interest.

JEROME B. LANDFIELD.

San Francisco.

[Mr. Landfield should read less hastily. He would then discover that the two sentences which he objects to most: "The group lives, the individual is lost in its greater glory" and the "mystical entity, etc.," are both quoted from the London *Nation*. With a subtle eye he might have detected a faint note of irony in my use of them. But I do not blame Mr. Landfield for his anger. Had I meant what he thinks I meant I should deserve all his rebuke.

In fact, I agree entirely with Mr. Landfield's underlying point of view. The only reason I undertook an analysis of nationality was to find out whether it wasn't possible to attach patriotic loyalty to political groups larger than the existing national states. But Mr. Landfield is mistaken, I think, in believing that "nationalities are an essentially modern institution, really a development of the nineteenth century." Nationality is not an institution, but a psychological disposition, a quality of human nature. In the nineteenth century this disposition fastened itself to the political state; the problem of the twentieth century is to transfer this patriotism to world organization.

I should go further in my agreement, and admit gladly that economic interest is the determining factor. What happens is that national feeling gets its direction and its organization from economic forces. The world citizenship which Mr. Landfield and I both desire will be produced, if at all, by enlarging the objects of patriotism on the basis of an expanding coöperative economic system.

So Mr. Landfield will perhaps understand that I hate jingoism as the devil, that I wrote no apology of the hyphenated American, but used him as an example in order to illustrate the nature of nationality, and that I share his horror of the form which patriotism has taken in the German Empire. All this was implied in the article which aroused his indignation. It is made more explicit, I hope, in the book from which that article was an extract.

W. L.]

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After the Play

FROM your seat in the grand stand you can see the players' bench. When the enemy has been put out, say in the third inning, you watch your favorite as he walks in from left field and sits down. He looks all right for a while. Then he begins to nod. Then he is asleep.

And behold! The rest of the game, until the second half of the ninth, is that left-fielder's dream.

Now this dream may be exactly like a real game except that it never happened. Or it may be as incoherent as a real dream. Or it may be a mixture of dream baseball and baseball as played in the major leagues.

The proportion of dream baseball may be extremely small. A pinch hitter may be substituted for some regular in the third and may be suffered to stay in the game. Every foul despatched by this pinch hitter down either foul line may be called a hit by the umpire, and not a player on the opposite side may make a kick.

The smaller the proportion of dream baseball the more like major league ball the dream game will look. It may look so much like real baseball that you will now and then forget all about the dream, and will be bothered by the fragments of dream baseball when they are pulled off.

For left-fielder read Elijah Bradshaw, acted by Mr. Emmett Corrigan, for pinch hitter read "The Woman," acted by Miss Julia Arthur, and you will know about how I felt while watching "The Eternal Magdalene," by Mr. Robert McLaughlin, at the Forty-Eighth Street Theatre.

Elijah Bradshaw, whose time is the present and his place a city in the Middle West, is backing a slangy uplifter named Gleason. The movement has led Bradshaw to frown on visits to the theatre by members of his family. One object of the movement is to end the segregation of prostitutes. Houses of ill-fame are being closed. The prostitutes are bundled into the street. One of them, angry at being thus suddenly deprived of a place to sleep and eat, writes a letter to Bradshaw. She curses him by mail. She calls upon the future to make his son a thief and his daughter a fallen woman. She calls for his wife's death. Bradshaw is troubled.

His wife, his son, his daughter, and the reporter who wants to marry his daughter, go away to a Gleason meeting, leaving Bradshaw in the act of composition. He is preparing for the press a statement of the uplifters' performance and aims. The hour is not much later than the end of the evening meal. He falls asleep.

Here begins his dream. The Woman enters. She and Bradshaw talk. He thinks he recognizes her eyes. They are like those of a woman he betrayed and deserted in his youth. At Montreal, this was. The Woman neither affirms nor denies. She lets him believe. She gives him to understand that she is now one of those prostitutes whom his uplifting has turned out of house and home.

Will he give her refuge? He will. He rings for his manservant and says: "Show this woman to a room on the second floor. She comes to us highly recommended. She is to be treated as one of the family." This speech jolted me. Then I remembered that the play was now a dream.

In the second and third acts the prostitute's curse upon the house of Bradshaw is fulfilled. The son has stolen five thousand dollars from the bank he works in. How did he spend the money? Bradshaw cannot guess. The Woman tells him: his son is keeping a married woman in a flat on Orchard Street. But why does The Woman so causelessly give the boy away? Because this is all a dream, because she is neither the natural daughter Bradshaw takes her for, nor yet the contemporary prostitute, but the Eternal Magdalene.

Bradshaw's daughter runs away with a married man she mistakes for a bachelor. They go, such is the symmetry of stage dreams, to Montreal. In New York he deserts her. This blow kills her mother. The Woman knew the bachelor was not a real bachelor. She knew the daughter was about to be betrayed under promise of marriage. She could have warned the daughter and prevented the elopement. Then why in heaven's name didn't The Woman intervene? Because she is The Eternal Magdalene, because this part of the play is a dream.

And here, in the midst of my major disquiet, I pause to record a disquiet that is minor. The son, a dream-thief, is going away while his affair is being hushed up. He asks The Woman to go with him. They are alone. He kisses her against her will. Bradshaw enters and thinks his son rather incestuous. But look here a minute! Does Bradshaw have to be on the stage in order to know what is going on in his own dream? Whose dream is this, anyway, when Bradshaw is off?

Another cause of disquiet, illustrating my disturbance at the juxtaposition of naturalism and dream, was the episode of the landlady. She enters, the notorious Blanche Dumond, keeper of a notorious house of ill-fame. Her presence puts Judge Bascomb out of countenance. It puts the Reverend Birmingham Smollett out of countenance. Ah, so they have met her before, have they, these pillars of society? The scene is cleverly conducted. The audience laughs. Blanche is capitally played, with realistic insolence over an undertexture of self-respect, by Miss Lucile Watson. And suddenly Blanche falls to talking of Aphrodite, Phryne, Ninon de l'Enclos—I'm not sure I have just the names she uses—but I am sure she would be rather unlikely to know those she does use, as part of her argument for segregation and against closing the houses of prostitution, unless—but of course! I had forgotten. This is neither a real landlady, nor a stage landlady, nor a dream landlady. She is a stage-dream-landlady. As such she is entitled to help herself to proper names.

Just before the play is over the Bradshaw family come home from the Gleason meeting and wake the dreamer. When he realizes that his wife is alive, his daughter unbetrayed, his son an honest man, he does two symbolic things. First, he tears up the statement he was preparing for the press. Secondly, when his son suggests to his sister a visit to the play, and then remembers his father's strictness, Bradshaw asks why they shouldn't all go.

Yes, Bradshaw has had a change of heart. He is less uncharitable in his judgment of prostitutes. His dream has inclined him to remember how prostitutes are made. But I can't understand why it changed his opinions about segregation. That he should deal more kindly with the inmates when he closes one of their houses—yes, I can see that. But why has he ceased to think segregation unwise?

Rather a preposterous play, "The Eternal Magdalene," and rather mysterious. Had The Woman been not The Eternal Magdalene, but a flesh-and-blood prostitute, the dream needn't have been very different in detail, and its effect upon Bradshaw could have been exactly the same.

However, but for the eternalness of The Eternal Magdalene Miss Julia Arthur couldn't have played the part with imaginative suggestion of the supernatural. We should have had to be content with her intelligence, her fine firm diction, the nobility of her attitudes, the certainty of her gestures. A good deal, you think? Yes, it is a good deal.

Q. K.

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Books and Things

ONE difference between other creators and the creator of cosmos out of chaos is his use of his material. He used all of it. Apparently he had resolved to find in his scheme a place for everything. So far as we know he never sidled to the edge of his half-finished universe, when he thought nobody was looking, and dumped a few loads of refractory or redundant material into the void. Alone among creators he did his work without leaving anything out. Two years ago, when we first began to talk about the New Republic, I felt that our task would be a good deal like this creator's. We couldn't leave out anything. With our opinions and our hopes we were going to cut paths through the vast contemporary jungle, but we were never to forget that on each side of every path lay a confused world of contradictory sights and sounds and smells. Now and then a restless somebody would detach himself from the squad of way-breakers, disappear into the jungle and bring back, when at last he turned up again, proof that the unsubdued wildness all about us was doing business as usual, indifferent to every attempt to lay out nice little footpaths, at leisure waiting to overgrow and obliterate some of the clearest.

Before the New Republic was many weeks old I saw my mistake. Like all creators except the one above mentioned we had to select. When I look back now, over our first year's performance, with this mistake in mind, I realize how enormously we have omitted. Natural science? You would hardly discover from our columns that such a thing existed. In spite of a few colored and spirited articles by Mr. Lee Simonson we have almost neglected painting. Very little has been published about music, and about architecture nothing at all. Next to nothing has been said about the religions which made Palestine famous, or about any of their competitors. As Jim Pinkerton said of Loudon Dodd, we "mean to do better," but for a year we have kept a lot of subjects on the waiting-list. Another sort of omission, being nearly unconscious, is less easily corrected. Every mind on an editorial staff is a hook of a particular size and shape. The staff is condemned to see in the passing world very little except eyes which these hooks will more or less fit. You have not done justice to the journalist's predicament when you've said he is condemned to see the world as material for copy. He sees it as the particular kind of copy he can turn out.

One part of a journalist's business is to want decisions made, action taken, things done. Suppose the time for decision is near. He has taken seriously the stuff out of which a decision must be made. He has read his subject, seen it, listened to it. With his material before him he has patiently reached the conclusion that one possible decision is wiser, sounder, more workable, righter than any other. He wants his readers to see the thing as he sees it. If he had plenty of time and skill, and they had plenty of attention, he might conceivably take them over the same road he has traveled, show them the details of every choice he has made, and land their minds where his mind has landed. But the time is too short, and the shorter it is the greater his temptation to leave out one detail, to touch up the color of another, to represent the parts not quite as he sees them, but so as to help his readers quickly to see the whole as he sees it. When a journalist yields consciously and deliberately to this temptation we call him disingenuous. When he yields unconsciously we cannot call him anything worse than humanly self-deceived. On the New Republic we have been trying to withstand this temptation. We have tried to cultivate in ourselves and our readers a habit of looking hard at opinions, of realizing how small a percentage of reasoning and accurate knowledge enters into most of them, how largely every belief as actually existing in any believer is a prejudice. It is hard to represent opinion as a substance full of vagaries and uncertainties and blow-holes without seeming to care less than you really do care about getting certain things done. The special task calls for a special technique, which we are far from having mastered, which we must invent by trial and error as we go along.

Another attempt that we have made, and that cannot be made successfully without a special technique, is an attempt to treat public men as the human beings they are. It looks easy until you make it, but not afterward. For example, you may think that President Wilson, in his first two years of office, helped to originate, and was certainly one of the main driving forces that put through, a respectable body of important legislation. For this achievement he paid a price. He had to square Mr. Bryan, whose heart is always in the right place except when it is in places where a head is needed. As Secretary of State Mr. Bryan was a comic opera figure. The war came and made him also a dangerous figure. Difficult to say these things without persuading some of your readers that when you call attention to the price paid your motive must be a wish to depreciate the things bought. Difficult to say that Mr. Wilson has weaknesses and limitations, of which one is a disposition to surround himself with men who think he hasn't any, without making some of your readers think your aim is not so much realism as fault-finding. Journalism is deficient in Dutch portrait painting; you would like to do something toward supplying the want, and you find ten persons ascribing motives to you for one who merely cares to know whether you have made your portrait like. Well, the only answer is to keep the thing up, to enlarge your portrait gallery, to hope some day all your readers will see that ideal heroic figures are met about as often in your pages as in everyday life.

Our special field of radicalism, as I see it, lies between the political, social and economic ideas which have no relation to practice in the present or near future, and the practice which has no relation to ideas. Our future success will be in harmonizing the will to have things done with a more persistent attempt to show that opinions are usually something their holders have no right to. More and more we shall learn, I hope, the technique of asking readers to think things over in our company without forgetting that decisions, however imperfectly made, must be the mechanism by which the world does its business. And perhaps, if we have very good luck, the world we write about will sound not quite so finished as we have made it sound, but more contradictory, more capricious, wilder, more lifelike. Looking through our bound volumes I have found myself looking at a rather predigested world, at something more orderly than reality, at a place where the facts are more ascertainable and have the air of existing in order that conclusions may be drawn from them. Just as here, without at all meaning to, I've been talking about a bound-volume, stationary solidity, instead of about that queer moving and living thing which not even a weekly journal can help being.

P. L.

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Religion an Amenity

The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas, by A. C. McGiffert. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

An old reader learns not to expect much from a new book. Books on religion by clergymen form no exception to the rule. The great mass of theological treatises cast little light upon those things which an intelligent layman is most eager to settle. The clerical tradition and professional interests commonly hamper free discussion. Writers on religion are willing to make a show of setting fire to the already well calcined rubbish accumulated by past ages; but the layman shrewdly suspects that there is an extinguisher in reserve to prevent the conflagration from doing its perfect work. Religious ideas and institutions have played such a tremendous rôle in the past, they are still so important, that they inevitably command the attention and arouse the curiosity of every student of mankind, however little religious-minded he may deem himself to be. He is convinced that a great part of what was once fervidly accepted by his ancestors he can by no possibility any longer believe. He keeps wondering how much there is in religion that can bear the light of modern knowledge and criticism; in what ways may it forward progress and happiness, in what ways has it proved itself ugly, degrading and unsocial? Man has in general believed that he ought to be religious, even if he was not; does a candid review of the facts substantiate this belief?

It would be very hard to imagine a small volume that should cast more light on these questions than Professor McGiffert's "Rise of Modern Religious Ideas." It seems to be addressed to the wondering layman of whom we have been speaking, and represents one of the three ways by which, to judge from my own experience, one may arrive at some understanding of that frustrating word "religious."

The first approach is through both primitive and comparative religion, which make clear that man has always been religious and could not help being so, for religion is an essential spontaneous element in savagery and barbarism. It is now clear that salient elements in primitive religion—*mana*, animism, magic and even totemism are still prominent in the popular religions of to-day. Witchcraft, one of the ugliest of religious products among savages, continued to appeal to both Catholic and Protestant theologians up to the end of the seventeenth century. The study of comparative religion is on the whole very disillusioning. It would seem as if such noble traits as religion possesses were rather rare and of recent origin, when the whole history of man is taken into consideration.

A second mode of approach is the investigation of actual religious experiences among those of our own civilization and in modern times. The classical instance of this mode of treatment is the "Varieties of Religious Experience" of William James. He gives us the personal reports of those who have *felt* religion most acutely; who themselves have had sick souls, divided selves, who have been converted, who have fled the world, the flesh and the devil and come into the peace that passeth understanding. Religion is to James no mere heritage of savage error and ignorance but is made up of the most overwhelming experiences of which a human being is capable. As Royce has said, "James reckons that the tribulations with which abstract scientific theories have beset our present age are not to be compared with the glory that perchance shall be, if only we open our eyes to what experience itself has to reveal to us."

After reviewing religion's squalid beginnings and dubious development into cults and churches, wars and persecutions, and after considering the confessions of those who have felt religion most deeply, we may properly ask what conclusions have been reached in regard to the assumptions of modern religion—God, the soul, sin and salvation and the life to come—not by those who have *felt* hardest but those who have *thought* most keenly and critically. It is here that Professor McGiffert lends timely aid and can lead us in our third form of attack upon religious mysteries.

Most of us get our early, and often permanent and unrevised, impressions of religious doctrines from naïve and traditional sources—parents, sermons, Sunday-school teachers, and works of edification. So we scarcely realize what havoc has been wrought by religious philosophy during the past two centuries among the ancient conceptions of God, Nature, the Bible, man, his soul and its possible fate. Professor McGiffert points out that Protestants and Catholics continued to agree with one another in the essential features of their patristic and mediæval beliefs in spite of the differences and schisms of the Reformation, and that it was not until the opening of the eighteenth century that the great revolution in religious thought began. His first section deals with the factors of disintegration-pietism, which tended to throw the traditional complex of Christian dogma into the background—the Enlightenment, including the great scientific discoveries, which altered fundamentally man's attitude toward himself and toward God; and, lastly, the critical philosophy of Kant, which proved that the old demonstrations of God's existence were vain and "that philosophy was at one with natural science in closing the traditional roads to God, whether from the world of nature or the world of ideas."

In the eighteenth century religion was still "enslaved," on the one hand to dogma, on the other to conduct. That is, it depended upon the acceptance of the doctrines included under the heading "revealed religion," with the specifically religious actions which these demanded, or, at the very least, the received belief in a future life of rewards and punishments. Without these beliefs religion seemed to lose all significance. "One of the most notable facts of modern religious history has been," Professor McGiffert contends, "the emancipation of religion from this condition of servitude and its entrance upon a career of freedom and independence. The consequence has been a tremendous gain in the respect with which religion is regarded by thinking men of modern sympathies." This "emancipation" of religion since Kant may be regarded as the chief theme of the book before us.

Professor McGiffert first describes the progress of a new kind of religious philosophy as developed by the German Romantic philosophers, Fichte, Schelling and Hegel. He cuts a clear trail through whole forests of *Sämmtliche Werke* so that the reader finds himself traversing the densest philosophical jungles with ease and pleasure. Then comes a very skilfully constructed chapter on "The Rehabilitation of Faith," from Wesley and the evangelical simplicities to William James and the pragmatists, via Kant, Jacobi and Ritschl. It is refreshing to find agnosticism and evolution ranked among the chief factors in the reformation of our religious thought. A willingness to leave many questions unanswered is the trait of modern thinkers. Agnosticism is very common, our author thinks, in all enlightened religious circles, and affects many fundamental doctrines formerly asserted with assurance by all who called themselves religious. This doubt is particularly striking in the matter of the life to come. "In the absence

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of experimental proof few present-day thinkers are able to count immortality as other than a more or less well-grounded hope." "Religious men hope and believe, perhaps, as much as they ever did, but they are more apt to distinguish their hopes and beliefs from proven facts and to refrain from insisting that they must be accepted by all men of sound mind and good will." As for evolution, that has promoted the substitution of *natural* for *legal* conceptions in theology. "Death is no longer thought of as a punishment for sin, but as the necessary condition of progress. Life is pictured as an education rather than as a probation, and future blessedness as an attainment rather than as a reward. The whole notion of man's relations to God and of God's treatment of man is thus transformed, and large modifications in the old conceptions of salvation, redemption, and atonement necessarily result." Everywhere relativity and change has taken the place of absoluteness and fixity. Three chapters deal with the newer conceptions of God as contrasted with the older dogmas.

Throughout the volume the writer gives full weight to "the social emphasis" and the striking results of our democratic development. He explains the natural opposition of a large group of socialists to religion, and concludes with the generous statement that socialism constitutes for multitudes "an adequate substitute for religion, or perhaps, it might fairly be said, a new religion in the place of the old." A final chapter on religious authority leaves us with the impression that religion is no longer an obligation but an amenity. How this amenity may be clarified and developed so as to meet the needs of coming generations is one of the great problems of the future.

JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON.

A Peasant Dynasty

Jerusalem, by Selma Lagerslöf. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

WHAT Selma Lagerslöf has written is not the usual romance. It is a fragment of the history of an ancient spiritually self-sufficient northern community. Since remote times the Ingmarsson family have held the Ingmar estate. It is just a farm, worth perhaps ten thousand dollars, but in the days when Cinderella served her cruel sisters it passed for a kingdom and importance still clings to it. The owner of the Ingmar estate enjoys an influence far beyond its limits. He is Big Ingmar to the community, provided it holds him worthy, and it is around the fortunes of this Ingmarsson family that Selma Lagerslöf's history is built.

The history sets out with the moral perplexities of Ingmar Ingmarsson, proprietor of the Ingmar estate, but not yet accorded the title of Big Ingmar. Several years earlier Ingmar had courted Brita of Bergskog, daughter of a member of parliament, and had carried her home, with her parents' consent, but not with hers. It was Ingmar's intention to marry her shortly, but the house needed painting before the wedding and times were hard, so Ingmar put the ceremony off. Brita was very unhappy, partly because of the dumb devotion to work and thrift prevailing on the Ingmar farm, and partly because of the postponement of the wedding. But life moved on, with her will or without it, and in due time Brita found herself an expectant mother, with no suitable cliff at hand from which to throw herself. Her child was born, and done to death, for which she was most justly sentenced to some years in prison. Now her time was expired, hence Ingmar's perplexity. Should he bring her home and marry her, in spite of everything, or should he remain at ease and permit her family to carry out their plan of sending her to America to begin life anew? If only his father were living, to advise him! And as he reflects, his imagination carries him bodily up into a half-heathen heaven, where his father holds an estate very like the terrestrial Ingmar Farm. "And now, as I come into the living room I see many peasants seated on benches along the walls. All have sandy hair, white eyebrows and thick under lips. They are all of them as like father as one pea is like another. . . . 'Oh, these are relatives,' says father. 'All these men have lived on the Ingmar Farm, and the oldest among them is from way back in heathen times.'"

"Father's" advice on the question of Brita is none too clear, but the result of his intervention is that Ingmar brings Brita home and marries her, and what is more difficult, wins her. And thus, somewhat to his surprise, he earns the title of Big Ingmar, hitherto withheld from him. So much for one generation of the Ingmar dynasty. Until Ingmar dies, gladly, because Brita has gone before, and heroically, in rescuing some little children sweeping to destruction on a spring torrent, we may turn our attention to what else is going on in the community.

Something, indeed, very important is going on. Modern ideas are beginning to penetrate. The naturalistic old heaven that brooded warmly over the earth is dissolving under the compound telescope and metaphysical theology. Industrialism begins to penetrate Dalecarlia, with its attendant transvaluation of persons and ranks. Back currents of efficiency and humbug are setting in from the Dalecarlians who had emigrated to America.

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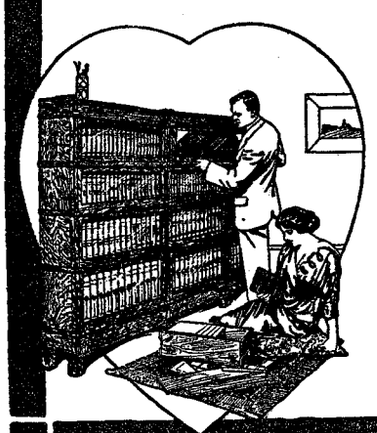

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"The Heart of the Home"

The village schoolmaster is the first to make himself unwittingly an agent of revolution. He is awakened by the religious ferment stirring in the neighboring villages. He founds a Mission House, where he teaches the whole Bible, and freedom of thought according to Luther. Soon other persons besides the schoolmaster become convinced that they have a religious mission. An uncouth peasant feels the spirit descending upon him, and begins to preach. The demon of religious anarchy has become established in the peaceful old valley.

Matters temporal fare no better in the community. With the death of Big Ingmar, his daughter Karin succeeds to a sort of regency, as young Ingmar is still a child. The tall, stoop-shouldered, laconic Karin expects to be wooed and won only for her wealth and state, and so accepts one youth's attentions, but on their journey to the city to buy wedding ring and prayer book, he takes a drop too many, and is promptly cashiered by Karin, who joylessly substitutes for him Elof Ersson, a young fellow of unimpeachable past. Elof Ersson, however, proceeds after the wedding to decay quite spontaneously. With his shameless debauchery the inheritance of the Ingmar Ingmarssons begins to disappear, and young Ingmar has to be consigned to the schoolmaster's care, to preserve him from the brutality and degrading example of his brother-in-law. Luckily Elof breaks his back before he can work irreparable mischief, and at length dies. This opens the way for the return of the first wooer. This honest fellow marries Karin and enters upon the regency. Young Ingmar is inclined to train himself for schoolmaster, but is brought back to a sense of his destiny as head of the Ingmar house by the insistence of Strong Ingmar, a remote relative. The vital business of young Ingmar thereafter is twofold—to recover the Ingmar Farm and to marry pretty Gertrude, the schoolmaster's daughter. All of which would have turned out happily but for the demons of religious schism now beginning their wild dance in the community.

The leader of the dance was John Hellgum, half mystic, half impostor, who had been leader of a little band of religious schismatics in Chicago. Soon Hellgum had succeeded in splitting the Dalecarlian community into two camps, the Hellgumists and the unbelievers, who would have no commerce with each other. To the Hellgumist camp were attached both Karin, Ingmar's sister, and Gertrude, his betrothed. Ingmar himself held aloof, and only by the lucky chance of saving Hellgum's life was he able to keep himself from being cast forth by his kin. Hellgum, morally defeated, returned to America, where he fell in with a kindred body of religious enthusiasts. These won him to the project of founding a home of true belief in Jerusalem. Returning once more to Dalecarlia, Hellgum got together his band of the faithful. Eagerly or reluctantly, they agreed to sell all they had and to follow Hellgum. Karin did not waver in her determination to sell the Ingmar Farm and all it contained to the highest bidder, even to a soulless lumber company. Young Ingmar, penniless, stood at the gate as the auctioneer dispersed the accumulated possessions of generations of Ingmars. At his feet knelt old servants of the family silently beseeching him to save the Ingmar Farm; in his soul all the Ingmars of the past commanded him to set his personal interest behind that of the Ingmar line. For he could save the Ingmar estate if he would take to wife the daughter of rich Sven Persson, who was ready to buy the Ingmar Farm for his daughter. Young Ingmar yielded, and the dynasty was saved. Gertrude, the schoolmaster's daughter whom Ingmar loved, joined the Jerusalem emigrants. With great

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noise and excitement the pilgrims set out. The ancient community had cast forth its sons and daughters who had dared to disturb its sleep, as it had doubtless done many and many a time in the past, and will do many and many a time in the future.

What has the history of this trivial and obsolete family line to do with the great problems stirring in the modern world? This picture of an ancient social organism, completely weathered into its natural environment, gives the reader a new grip on reality. He is permitted to realize, for a moment at least, how ephemeral is much that seems to us of world-shaking bigness. The Ingmar Ingmarssons and their neighbors will live on when nationalism and imperialism and socialism have become words void of content.

"Jerusalem" is called a masterpiece by Selma Lagerslöf's ardent admirers. Thus to describe it is to wrong its author. The book is a stage in its creator's development in the direction of a really natural form of fiction, which aims at realism not through enthroning the base or trivial, but through the reduction of all values to their true proportions. There are no heroes in real life; only persons who at rare moments attain to something like heroism. There are no unwavering inextinguishable passions: only passions that burn and flicker and die out. It is by a cumulative process of overvaluation of personalities and passions that the conventional canons of fiction have been established. Selma Lagerslöf is working back toward the clarity and honesty of north European storytelling of the era preceding the romantic aberration. She presents a wealth of perfectly drawn characters, perfectly real emotions, but all are small. Selma Lagerslöf's masterpiece is yet to be written, but "Jerusalem" indicates that it will be achieved.

A. S. J.

According to Formula

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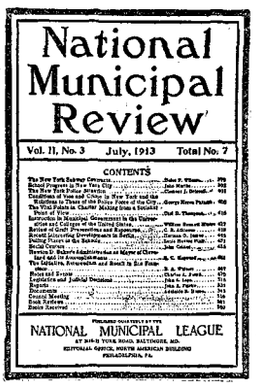
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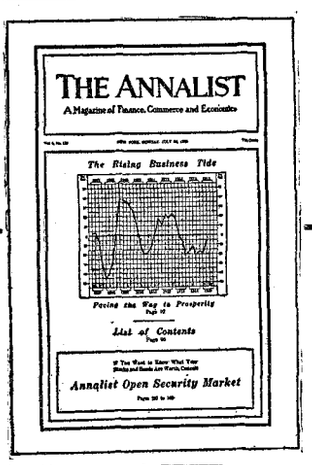
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